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For the National Era

HERMAN;

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Prémices."

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He was surprised, and at first somewhat disconcerted, at finding himself a sick man. It interfered very much with his long-cherished plans, which had seemed to him upon the very eve of fulfilment—plans of winning a field of wide and happy usefulness for himself, and a pinnacle of prosperity on which to enthrone his lady-love. But, young as he was, he had already had experience enough to lead him to think that, when God makes any great change in our condition, it is often less His purpose to make us suffer, even in this world, than to make us enjoy in some new way. Those are usually happy who are always willing to be happy after a fashion of His choosing. On such occasions Herman often said, "If I had not been shot by a Border Ruffian, remember, I should not have been taken pity on by a Sister of Charity."

His mind soon turned to the blessings of sickness; and from this chiefly Clara knew that he did consider himself a sick man, for to her he talked a little of the blessings, though not of the sickness. She was sitting beside him in the tent, with one of her hands in both of his, and with the other bathing his temples with Cologne; for he acknowledged that they ached, after Constance left him, forced away by a conspiracy between all the others to take a ride with Edward. Herman spoke then of "the perfect luxury of repose, stillness, and the care of those one loved. No well person could know it, except in infancy. It was one of the blessings of infancy, which only sickness could restore to maturity. Clara must be ill some time—a very little so, after she had cured him—that he might show her how very sweet it was. No one could be a thoroughly-trained physician, who had never needed one. This would be a good apprenticeship for him. He should be able to do twice as much good after it, as he had ever done before—as he ever could have done without it. Psyche, do you recollect how our Lord said to his Apostles, after they had been trying to do a little work for him, 'Come ye apart into the desert place, and rest a while?' It seems to me continually that, in this sickness, he is saying so to me. The thought that He or His Father has provided this retirement, and refreshment, and opportunity for quiet self-recollection, preparation, and communion with Him, before I go back to my work, is very soothing to me; one of the very sweetest drops in the cup of life, which God has mixed for me, is the thought that he had already planned all this rest and dear companionship and tender care for me—when I was—at the South—and it seemed, at times, so doubtful whether I should ever be one of you again. It would have been sad to be ill there; very sad to die."

He seldom inclined at this time to speak much of himself—never so fully as upon this occasion, and to her; but when he did so at all—except to his physicians, to whom he gave simple technical statements, untinged by any sentiment of any kind—it was always hopefully. He talked when he had breath, with a kind of exhilaration, of church and state, the poor, the country, and the world—the world of letters, of religion, of science, and of art. Everything interested him that concerned his fellow men." "There was so much to be done! and he should soon be able to do so much!"

How often are such prophecies heard from fading young lips, in silent anguish, or reported afterwards, by those more distant relatives and friends who can command their voices to repeat them to one another, with shakes of the head and interjections of "Ah, poor fellow! How little he knows!" But who does know? or can? Is it so certainly the prophets, who are deceived? or ourselves? May not their predictions spring from the felt stirrings within them of the might—from the dawning foresight within them—of their near immortality? Very bitter it is to stand by and listen to such utterances from the tongues of those whose past life has been thrown away, useless to God and man—for whom we can only hope against hope, that their career in the other world may prove to be the utter contradiction and refutation of every sign and omen of their carreer in this—to whom an honorable, noble, and holy course amongst breathing men has become forever an impossibility, and who have not time left on earth for reformation—that stamp of repentance which alone can prove the coin genuine and current, and not the mere base counterfeit of fright, impotence, and shame. Bitter enough it still is to listen to such predictions, when the life of the speaker has been so lofty, beautiful, true, and kind, that we are persuaded that neither death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any creature, can ever separate it from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord—yet know not how our own life can live on without it, and know that it is passing away.

As was natural, those most constantly about Herman saw the change in him less than those who saw him rarely; and how much the former saw, they did not say to one another, and scarcely, perhaps, owned to themselves. Edward was one of those men, who, if they had a party of ladies to conduct across a ground undermined—with a match in the mine, and a light at the match—would do so with cheerfulness and *bonhommie* to the last possible moment, *keeping step*, and talking of the last new opera. Clara, though she had not quite broken loose from the beautiful reveries—she would not have been Clara Arden without them—was never now blinded by them to the sufferings or situation of those about her; but her temperament and sympathies always inclined her to hope the best; and Constance's spirit, always excitable, had not yet exhausted the reaction of ecstacy and thankfulness which Herman's return had produced, after the misery of his imprisonment. She was romantic still; and romantic minds always fancy that the story of their life, like any story of fiction, must of necessity culminate to some unchangeable climax of bliss or woe. During Herman's absence, she was convinced that the latter was to be her fate; upon his return, the former. But this our transitory life is itself a series of transitions. There is in it much joy, but little unchanging joy; and much sorrow, but little unchanging sorrow.

It is probable, however, that before the end of the month of August, they all began to fear that Herman's vigor might never be restored, and that he must resign himself to lead henceforth only the life of an invalid. For, the next time that Dr. Lovel came to see him, he asked the girls, with some solicitude, after he left him, what they thought of him; Constance, her face quite haggard with expectation, waited for Clara to answer; and Clara said, gently, "We think he is not yet looking so well as we hoped he would; but that the cold weather may do more for him."

The color flushed over Constance's cheek and brow. The old man, who had seen much of her during Herman's absence, and become very fond of her, looked wistfully at her, as if he longed to comfort her. "How peaceful he seems, my dear," said he; "how free from any kind of suffering!"

"The peace is with him," said Constance; "the pain—where it should be!" and she abruptly left the room. Recollecting herself, notwithstanding, she presently came back and went up to him, though with her handkerchief at her eyes. "Forgive me," whispered she; "thank you. Don't think me ungrateful because I cannot talk about it yet. It is so dreadful to think that I may have cut him off from all the good that he would have been so happy in doing—perhaps for his whole life—and then to have them all so forgiving and so kind and good to me! But I know that he will be very happy still, in other ways; and so shall I—in helping him to be so—after we have got over our first disappointment. His loss will be my gain, for now I shall always have him with me. It is such a blessing to have him to take care of. Come again and talk with me, when I can behave better."

She struggled with herself, gave him a sweet and grateful though tearful look, and again left the room.

"Poor child!" said the old clergyman, "poor dear child!" but he said no more.

Dr. Brodie was the last physician consulted. He returned from Europe near the end of September, and was summoned at once. Herman had an interview of an hour with him within closed doors. Edward met him in the passage when he came out, and was about to question him; but he only cried, "Poor lad! poor lad!" shook hands hastily, pushed by him, sprang into his gig, refusing all offers of hospitality, and drove off without seeing Constance or Clara.

All the rest of that day, Herman, exhausted, lay like a dead man, his hands folded on his breast, his fixed white face upturned, and eyelids closed. He was looking into his own tomb. It looked somewhat black to him, as it is wont to do when it gapes suddenly for the onward fort of a man young, and rich in happiness, hope, and promise, until his eyes become accustomed to it. He did not sleep a great deal through the night, but still lay quietly, and Edward, who had shared his chamber since his weakness had increased, thought he perceived, by the uncertain glimmer of the night lamp, whenever he awoke, that his brother's lips were moving silently, as if in prayer.

The next morning he was better, spoke cheerfully, rose, and dressed as usual. When he had sent the two girls out to walk, as he did every day, he rolled his easy-chair up to a large old wooden sea-chest, which, to his high delight, had been given him for a treasury, when he first came to the farm-house as a child. Herman was always a creature of observances; and it had been his whim to lay up here some characteristic token of every one of his afterwards yearly pilgrimages to the sea-shore. There was throughout in him, as there always is in full and complete natures, a remarkable mixture of youth and age. He had been, as soon as he had a fair chance to be so, a manly child. He was a child-like man.

The key of the chest was on his split-ring. He unlocked and opened it, while Edward stood beside him, and took out the dated relics, one by one, reading pensively in the associations which clung to them, as if in a hieroglyphic record, the annals of his brief past life. There were the shells, picked up on the beaches, of the first summer, in a many-colored paper-box of Clara's making; the bow and arrows of the next; the geological specimens of the third; and the boyish pencil sketches of the fourth. There was a duet bearing the autograph of Constance, and the date of his twenty-first year—the very year in which he first knew her, and at whose close the joint tragedy of their two young lives began! There was the huge elk-horn of the next, brought from the West—and so on, in due order, to the bullet which came so near his life in Kansas; but for the two last summers, and for this one, as yet, there was an omission.

He proceeded to supply it. Edward, at his request, brought him his dressing-case. He took from it a twisted paper, which proved to contain two small sticks of ash-wood, richly carved and ornamented, as if with a penknife. "From the window-frame of my cell in the penitentiary," said he, quietly, looking up at his brother. "They repaired it while I was there, and I begged enough of the old wood for these. I carved one of them each year." The longer of these sticks bore, in black-letter characters, the inscription, "*Venni per martirio*," and the shorter, "*In questa pace*," besides the respective dates on each of the summers of his imprisonment. Leaning back at his ease in his chair, he addressed himself leisurely, with his transparent, slender, blue-veined hands, to the task of fitting and riveting the two pieces together, in the form of a cross. He added to the foot of this the words "*Laus Deo!*" with the date of the current year, and laid it with the former relics in the chest. Next he took out a bunch of withered roses in a cornucopiæ of manuscript that lay in a corner by itself, locked the box, and said to Edward, "The tide is high, is it not? The water sounds near. Will you go out with me? I should like a row."

The tide was very high. Though the blue and diamond-sprinkled water was calm and smooth, it plashed among the round blue pebbles within a few yards of the back door and along half the length of the boat, so that Edward had no difficulty in supporting his brother's few unsteady steps to it, and embarking him in it. There had been an early frost, and the shores were gorgeously tapestried with leaves dying gloriously. The crickets were peacefully singing the dirge of the year. The day was one of perfect Indian summer, warm, soft, and bright, though misty and tender; and the very soul of such a day seemed living in the young man's wasting but transfigured face, as he turned, after a long gaze before and around him, to exclaim, "Dear Edward, what a pleasure you are giving me! How good it is to have suffered, ['to *have* suffered,' does he say, already? thought Edward,] and then to have one's troubles clear away, and yield one back to freedom and friendship, and such scenes as this! How sweet, and bright, and calm, and happy, it all looks!"

"'How sweet, and bright, and calm, and happy,' you look yourself!" thought Edward, bitterly. "You know how it will be in another month, with the scene you revel in. How, think you, will it be with you?" He groaned, involuntarily.

"Are you in pain? Unwell? I must not keep you rowing too long. Time flies fastest over the waves; and I forget how it goes. Turn back, if you are tired; or, better still, draw in the oars, and let us float."

"My dear fellow, do you suppose I could be tired of rowing you all day long, while I saw you enjoy it so?"

"God bless you, no! I do not. Don't be too kind to me, Ned. You are all quite dear enough to me, already; and you, in particular, must take care not to wear yourself out; for one man sometimes finds himself suddenly called upon to fill the place of two."

"What do you mean, my dear boy?"

"Not to trouble you until I must, at any rate; and I did not mean to say that. Never mind. If you are really not tired, let us go over there to Rose Rock. I set my heart upon it before I came out, and came out on purpose; but the weather, and the day, and the delight of being on the water once more with you, in the air and sunshine, put everything else out of my head."

Rose Rock was, at high tide, an island about forty feet long; at low water, a peninsula. The sides were hung with dripping sea-weeds; but on the top there was a sprinkling of thin soil beneath the crisp lichens and green velvet moss. In July, wild rose-bushes blossomed there. They were now full of scarlet berries, and interspersed with lilac aster and golden rod. It had been, in old times, Herman's custom to climb to the summit of an afternoon and read, or more frequently muse there, as long as he pleased, and then to walk, or, as the case might be, wade or swim back, with his towels and clothes in an oil-skin bag, and to carry off a rose every year, to be preserved as a pledge that he should be hospitably received there again on the next. This practice he afterwards kept up, though secretly, out of a kind of fantastic sentiment, as a homage paid by his manhood to the feelings of his boyhood. The boat grated at the foot of the rock. "I should like to climb up," said he, "if you will lend me your arm."

"Aren't you exerting yourself altogether too much?"

"If I make you anxious, yes; otherwise, I believe not. Dr. Brodie agrees with me in thinking that a little exercise, now and then, can do me no harm."

Edward stepped from the boat, and made it fast to the gnarled trunk of a tough little cedar. He then put his arm round Herman's waist, helped him to rise, and almost carried him up the short pathway, spread his own shawl upon the stone to which his brother pointed, seated him upon it, and, resting one knee against it, stood behind him supporting him, for his breath panted fast. Recovering himself presently, Herman took the withered roses from the paper, looked at it, and said, "Will you read it to me, Edward? My eyes seem rather dim."

This paper bore the date of Herman's eighteenth summer. Edward took it, and read the gay young lines, written as boys do write of life and death, before they have tasted of the bitterness of either:

ROSE ROCK.

Wild rock, 'mid wild roses, I climb thee once more.
My steps crush the lichens that pave thy rough floor.
Stretching far into silence, I see the white reach,
That roars 'neath my feet, of the foam girdled beach.
Again thy white sea-gulls ride high o'er my head;
Thy pennons of dulse gleam below, wet and red.
I hear thy free gales round thee pipe as of old,
And breathe their salt breath; and the crimson and gold,
Floating sunset behold, that has dropped from the sky,
From its still twin above, on the sea's lap to lie,
And, weary of quiet, to roll and be tossed
Till its gay ruddy play in the twilight is lost.
While, searching the distance, my furthest long look
Can scarcely discover the dim cloud of smoke—
The emblem wherewith the horizon doth frown
Of labor and care left behind with the town—
The old beacon his torch 'gins to flourish aright,
And anew tears the fog with its sharp point of light;
And mine every fibre is thrilled with the wild
Yet innocent joy of a passionate child.

Oh say not that Eden was shut to our race,
When Adam and Eve first fell into disgrace,
Forever and wholly! Through Infancy's door
Each soul gets its glimpse of the glories of yore!
Each soul has its own dim sweet eld, and its share
Of a pure world's green youth, like that mischievous pair;
There's for each some charmed spot, by some rock or some rill,
Where his childhood outgrown keeps its tryst with him still.
Who does not know how the pilgrim's heart burns,
When from new haunts and mates by himself he returns,
Like one thread drawn out smooth from the tangle of life,
To his playground of old, of old memories rife?
Returning to this from the dry beaten track,
His Infancy's Eden it renders him back.

One seeks the flat inland, and, bosomed in trees,
And dotted with hay-cocks, his paradise sees—
With an orchard and hedge choked and choking with green,
The soft, pretty, drowsy and spiritless scene.
All is still, save the apples that drop over-ripe;
But, to show where the farm house lies smoking its pipe,
There's a chimney half seen, and some blue wreaths that pass
Through the leaves, like a lounger's, who smokes in long grass,
Disposed on his back; and unseen cattle keep,
Up a sound like his breath when his slumber is deep.
White clouds sleep o'er head in a still azure sky;
And a slow shady brook purls a lullaby by.
While I'm able, my flight let me prudently take,
Lest I sink in a stupor, and never awake.
But look! Who goest here? What a fire from his eyes
Flashes on the tame landscape around him that lies!
'Tis the pilgrim; shy memory is casting her spell
For him, o'er hedge, hay-cock, and moss-covered well.
He cries "Earth can show no more exquisite spot?"
I *know* it is lovely; but I love it not.

One goes back to look for his light hearted mirth,
To some vale's dusky dungeon sunk deep in the earth.
I have met him emerging; and lo! it was plain,
From the glow on his cheek, that he look not in vain.
But his mountains are jailers, and build up their walls
To shut in the fancy; their chill shadow falls
On my heart pent within them; their white mists to me
Are but vapors, and blue ones, I chafe to break free;
My soul's boundless being cries out for a place
Where unpinched it may widen in limitless space;
But if shivering I climb them—if they are so high—
How hopelessly distant appeareth the sky.

Here no harsh line divides us; the bowing heavens sink
To kiss Earth's round cheek by the sea's brimming brink.
The ship, through the moonlight that glides over there—
In water or sky—well might swim through the air,
For aught that I see, and my spirit to rest,
Waft away with its sails to the home of the blest,
Or on, in a long voyage never to cease,
Bear me, twixt earth and heaven in moonlight and peace

Wild king, crowned with roses, I sit on thy throne.
And make thy sweet sceptre of mullein mine own,
And thank the kind fates, that the rush and the roar,
The sweep and the surge, of the many-voiced shore,
Gave my boyhood and thee, for my memory's shrine!
Once more salt my lips with the breath of thy brine.
Let thy wild romping wind in my face fling thy foam;
'Tis my old nurse's rough kiss that still welcomes me home.
The old blossoms, that thou to my childhood didst lend,
See I've kept like a lock of the hair of a friend;
They have grown to a heap, that would burst from the band,
Which the first gray old stems in their verdure first spanned,
Yet, covetous still, let me add to the store,
For the sake of old times, still one more and one more.
Since we met, thou alone and forsaken hast stood,
Unshaken, unworn, winter, tempest, and flood;
At thy bald hoary head sleet and hailstones were hurled,
While I played the deserter. The much-abused world,
Howe'er with its servants or slaves it may be,
Has never been cruel or treacherous to me.
I've mused by the lamp; I have mixed with the throng;
I've shared in the feast; I have joined in the song;
I've laughed with the gayest, but nothing could find,
Believe me, old playfellow, more to my mind
Than to sit down once more by the side of the sea,
Alone with glad Nature, Hope, Memory, and thee.

Whether, sunken and shrunk, thou dost wade or dost swim,
In the waves when the ocean is full to the brim,
Or risest to make—at the turn of the tide—
Thy dripping dark garments low borders all wide,
With a fringe of black sea-weed, old Pharisee, here
Receive me on pilgrimage year after year,
In peace to look back on the year that is gone—
Its battles all over, its victories won—
To count o'er its wounds, but by glorious scars,
Then send me back, armed with fresh strength, to the wars.
While thou keep'st thy roses, bid me keep my truth;
So shall age, in us both, wear the crown of our youth.
Taught by thee, I will smile—with as equal a front—
At the sun, and anon of the storm bide the brunt
As thou dost, through all my strong manhood; but when
I'm pushed to the edge of my three-score and ten;
When the sum of my sunbeams and starbeams is told,
And this fool, fleet and sure, totters down to the mould;
When Death comes to bring me my hellebore-cup,
On this mossy altar, Earth, offer me up;
So my spirit—through no gloomy valley—shall go
To its bright heaven above, from its bright heaven below.

Few years had passed since those lines were written; but where was Herman's "strong manhood" now?

But if those few years had done the work of a lifetime on him, had he not done the work of a lifetime in them? He listened in silence, with his slender fingers clasped around his knee, and his large, spiritual eyes looking off to the horizon or beyond. When the last words were ended, he bowed his head; and Edward thought he dozed. Then he stirred once more, and, gazing round him dreamily, murmured, "It is very strange. It is very solemn. God strengthen us all!"

"What is it, Herman?" said Edward, taking his hand, and longing to soothe him, but not knowing how. "Do you think there is any occasion for fear?"

Herman's bony hand closed around his with a cordial and reassuring grasp. Letting his head fall back upon his bosom, like a child's on the breast of its mother, that he might raise his eyes to his, he said, with an irradiation of countenance almost too solemn in its brightness to be called a smile, "No, dear Edward; I am *certain* that there is no occasion for fear. Did I say anything? Perhaps I was dreaming. I am drowsy and cold. We must go home; but first my roses. Oh, they are dead. It is too late. No matter. They have left plenty of beautiful berries." He stretched out his hand for a twig of them. Edward broke it for him. He placed it with the faded flowers. Then, tottering to his feet, he turned himself slowly all round on the same spot, with a fond, lingering gaze, which seemed to mark and cling to every familiar inlet, stone shrub, and stalk, within its range. He half sighed, but recollected himself, and, looking up cheerfully into his brother's face, clasped his hands round his arm, and said, "Come; they will wonder at the farm-house what has become of us."

Edward laid him at his full length in the boat, carefully muffled in all their shawls and cloaks; and he slept all the way home. When established there on his sofa, he merely kept his eyes open long enough to give Edward his roses, and desire him to replace them with the coral berries in the chest, whispering, "If—I am not here next summer, give the key to Clara. Those trifles may have an interest for her; for the record of my years, is the record of her kindnesses." Then he slept again, with a placid, satisfied look, all the rest of that day, and the following night.

The morrow, and all the remainder of the week, was harsh, raw, and rainy. Perhaps the weather affected his spirits. They were fitful, and, though sometimes apparently natural, sometimes forced, and sometimes depressed. He often called Constance to come and talk with him, but after saying a few abstracted words, while he studied her exquisite face, would remark anxiously upon her paleness, and send her away, begging Clara to wrap her up warmly, and take the air with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.—[Copyright secured.]

THE SHAMROCK;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

BY SLOW JAMIE.

CHAPTER IX.

Religion—Synod of Ulster, Associate Presbyterians or Seceders, and Reformed Presbyterians or Cameronian Covenanters.

The revolution of 1688 brought on another terrible time for Ireland. It is said that Peden had predicted, years before, that the time would come that a man might travel forty miles in Ireland, without seeing a reeking house, or hearing a cock crow. If he said so, it was no evidence of a prophetic spirit. To men of less sagacity than he, the signs of the times were ominous. In the three kingdoms, misgovernment reached the climax. It was worst in Ireland, and there it produced the bitterest fruits. The down-trodden Aborigines, taking advantage of the convulsion in the political world, arose to revenge some real and many imaginary wrongs. As might be expected, they made little discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. All foreigners were to them intruders, and oppressors. For three fearful years, the demon of war revelled unrestrained in the island, till the plains of Boyne were left without a cow to graze in their rich pastures, and the fields of Ulster, once yellow with grain, were grown up with briars. Dogs, running wild, feasted on the slain, and infested the roads, till it was dangerous to travel alone.

The moral desolation was even more lamentable than the physical. The Gospel seed, sown in many a hopeful field, had begun to bloom, but now it was trodden down as by the camels of Midian! Some fell in battle, or famished by the wayside. Some, cooped up within the walls of Londonderry, contracted the bitter spirit of war, so unfriendly to the meekness of religion. And others, serving along with the mercenaries of William, learned that reckless profanity so common in the tented field. It is asserted by the Celtic historians, and English writers do not deny it, that the troops sent to Ireland by William, whether under Schomberg or Ginkel, possessed scarcely a virtue, except valor. Drunkenness, marauding, and offences against female honor, were of daily occurrence.

The depopulated districts of Ulster were again filled up by emigrants from Scotland and England, with a sprinkling from Holland. A few of these were sober, religious people, attracted thither by what they had heard of the Green Isle from the travelling preachers, but the majority of them were little better than their predecessors. To all appearance, North Ireland was set back half a century in her spiritual condition. In reality, it was not so. When the wheat-field has been repeatedly nipped with a severe frost, it appears in spring to be entirely dead, but, under a genial rain and reviving sun, it is soon clothed with living green.

"The kindly spring came softly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up his head,
And sore surprised them all
The sulty suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong."—*Burns.*

So it was with the church, according to the promise, "They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine. The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." The Synod of Ulster was now regularly organized. An allowance out of the public Treasury was granted to the Presbyterian ministers by William, who had himself been raised a Presbyterian. This was afterwards increased, and granted yearly, under the name of *regium donum*. Ministers, who had travelled around without any special charge, were set over particular congregations. These were increased by the translation of ministers from Scotland, and the licensing of young men, till the supply something like met the demand. And their labors met with a success for which they must have been, in part, indebted to former efforts. The first visible effect of this reform was a milder deportment toward the unfortunate Celt, who was now completely subdued, and was more an object of compassion than of fear. This induced him, sometimes, to examine and even to embrace the new religion. Such conversions were indeed few, compared with what they might have been. But, considering the many prejudices which the cupidity of the colonist must create in the mind of the Celt, they were numerous. Within my own limited acquaintance, the Murphys, the O'Neills, the O'Flynns, and the Doughertys, names of undoubted Milesian origin, are numbered in the scrictest sects of the Presbyterian school. Roman Catholic writers assert that, since the Anglo-Saxon came to their shore, the ancient faith has gained more proselytes than it lost. This may be strictly true, for anything I know; but when they assert that, in almost every instance, those who left their communion were prompted by worldly motives, I would beg leave to dissent. I have known some, indeed, who left their church to her honor, but I have known others who wore no disgrace to any community.

In my grandfather's time, Mr. Barber was the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Rathfriland, in connection with the Synod of Ulster. Without any more piety than was absolutely necessary, and scarcely as much orthodoxy, he was very popular during a long ministry, with both the pious and the careless. He was tall, portly, and commanding in his appearance, affable and easy in his manners. He had a pleasant word for all, and the poor were to him the same as the rich. He looked up to none, and none he despised. It was customary then to preach long sermons, but his were rather short; for when one of his elders and he were drinking healths, the former said, "Here's that you may aye be able to mak' out the thirty minutes." Part of his congregation were Arminian, and part Calvinistic. His discourses, being mere exhortations, offended neither. It puzzled his members much to know his religious sentiments, but towards the close of his life it was ascertained that he was a Unitarian as well as an Arminian. Although, by the rules of the church, he should not administer the ordinances of the church to any but members, yet he said he would baptize a Roman Catholic beggar-woman's bastard.

In the early days of his ministry, there was a great fight between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. I think it was about the year 1790, but I would not be certain about the year. Mr. Barber took a stick in his hand, and headed his people in the fight all day. The next day, the fight was renewed. The whole country side seemed to be collected in the fields, with clubs and stones, and the crowd was hourly increasing. A handful of military was powerless with such a mob. Mr. Barber saw that it was going to be a serious matter. Mounting a horse, he rode in among the Catholics, inquiring for a priest. Not one of that exasperated crowd would hurt a hair of his head, when he asked for the clergyman. The gownsmen talked the matter over, and soon made peace. They passed between the two crowds, and the missiles stopped. They then rode through, first among Catholics, and next among the Protestants; and, in two hours, a mob which magistrates, sheriffs, and military, failed to disperse, went quietly home at the bidding of the priests. Had not Mr. Barber been seen in the thickest of the fight the first day, it is doubtful whether he would have had as much influence for peace the second. The Tahitian girl said of the missionaries—

"The white man came from a far-off land,
In his eagle winged canoe;
And his voice was soft as the ocean bland,
When it bids the storm adieu,
'He spoke, and the voice of war was hushed.'"

What the song says figuratively was here literally true, although our martial-spirited divine scarcely deserves a place alongside of the peaceful missionary.

The rebellion of 1798 next came on. It is not likely that Mr. Barber had anything to do with it, but many of his members were implicated, and his influence among the people was well known. While he was preaching, the soldiers came to arrest him. They had so much respect for his coat as to stay outside, and send in word that they wanted him. He returned answer, that if they would wait till he was through with the services, he would go with them. When the congregation was dismissed, the sexton raised a window, and pointed significantly to a thick copse. "No!" said the preacher; "had they come in at first, I might have tried such a game; but since they waited, I go with them." In jail, when any one came to see him, the jailer gave him the key, to let his friend depart when he wished. There were many prisoners confined with him, but he knew he could trust the strength as well as the honor of the sturdy gownsman. It will give our republican readers some idea of the manners of a domineering nobility, to be told that Lord Ansley, on one occasion, struck Mr. Barber with his riding-whip. Nor was it thought so strange that he did so, as that the high-spirited preacher told him not to repeat the insult, and the half-intimidated Earl drew back.

The Associate Presbyterians, or Seceders, did not differ materially from the Synod of Ulster; they were simply stricter in doctrine and discipline. Since we left Ireland, the two denominations have become one body. The Seceders date their origin from the Erskines of Scotland, who, in 1743, broke off from the established church on account of patronage. Few of our readers need to be told that patronage is a relic of the feudal system, which considered the noble everything, and the peasant nothing. By this law, the patron could force a worthless minister on an unwilling people. With this question we had nothing to do in Ireland. But such is the power of sympathy, that a question purely local gave rise to a new denomination in the United States and in Ireland, as well as in Scotland.

The Seceder congregations being smaller, it was easier keeping them up to the strict Presbyterian model. Each congregation was divided into praying societies, which met weekly or semi-monthly for social worship. In each society there was a lay elder. When all these elders met in council, with the pastor at their head, they were called the congregational session. This was a court before which all the members must bring their difficulties, instead of going to law. To this body, too, it belonged to admit and exclude members. The pastor, accompanied by a lay elder, visited every family in the congregation once a year, to converse with the parents and catechize the children. This made him as familiar with the attainments and dispositions of his people as with their faces, and he could the easier suit his ministrations to their capacities.

Among all Presbyterian bodies, it was customary, in administering the Lord's Supper, to use tokens, or medals, which admitted the bearer to a seat at the table. Some claimed that this custom had a precedent in the white stone given by the Jews to the proselytes of the covenant, and mentioned *Rev.* ii, 17. Among the Presbyterians, these were distributed by the lay elders to all those whom they knew to be in good standing. But among the Seceders the elders stood up in a row, while the whole congregation defiled before them, and each member received a token from the hand of the minister. If a single elder had anything to object to a member, he received no medal till his case was canvassed in session.

If a young woman had so far forgotten her professions as to attend a dancing party, she passed the long row of grave faces and sharp eyes with a palpitating heart, happy if her right were not challenged. The whole affair was so well calculated to remind the spectator of the solemn ordeal expected hereafter, that the exhortation which followed generally produced a deep impression. Mr. Main was the late pastor of the Seceder congregation in Rathfriland. I have mentioned him before, and will take occasion to speak of him again. So I will only say now that the purity of his own life excused his severity towards others. Mr. Tait was his successor, a handsome, clever-looking man, with a face nothing the paler for brandy. Conscious of a little self-indulgence in himself, he was disposed to be lenient towards the failings of others. But Andrew Morrow, mentioned before, was a member of his session, and, having the majority on his side, ordinarily carried out his views in opposition to the Moderator. If a member was found guilty of drunkenness, or such an offence, nothing would satisfy him but making acknowledgment before the public congregation.

The Cameronian Covenanters, or Mountain men, formed the extreme section of the Irish Presbyterian church. They have been described as Presbyterians highly spiced, and a little overdone. Like the Seceders, they had small congregations, and could for that reason maintain their rules more strictly. Their discipline was even more rigid. They differed from the Seceders in refusing allegiance to the British Government. Although the *regium donum* was simply a gift bestowed on Presbyterian ministers, yet, because there was an oath of allegiance connected with it, and because it might soften their opposition to what they considered an immoral Constitution, they always declined it. To gratify their humor in this instance was no small sacrifice, for they were generally poor; and by the payment of tithes and cess, they had to contribute to the support of the Established church, the Presbyterian church, and the Popish College at Maynooth.

The unaccommodating spirit of their religion sometimes gave a tincture to their whole deportment. There was one who kept store in Rathfriland. He was counted perfectly honest, but very hard. Whenever his customers began to cheapen his goods, he began to lay them away.

"I can get a spade cheaper at Thomas Allen's," says one. "Well, Thomas Allen keeps right over there," says the storekeeper, motioning him to go there and deal. Jack McMurray was another member of the same congregation. Getting warm in a controversy with a Methodist, he jumped up and struck him. "That's right," exclaimed the Methodist, "smite with the fist of wickedness." The Covenanter sat down, and felt himself discomfited. To preach against others, formed an important part of their worship. If any of their preachers happened to be remiss in this duty, or if he manifested a kindly disposition towards other denominations, his orthodoxy was at once suspected. Johnny McHool, his brother Jamie, and Peggy his sister, lived together, and were strict Covenanters. It was said that when Johnny was praying, Peggy would say, "Oh Johnny, ye hae forgot to curse the Irish (Catholics.") Oh, I'm no' got that far yet," would be the cool reply. The story was probably manufactured, but still it was characteristic. It is but justice, however, to say that the Mountain-men often treated the Celtic population with a kindness that might well have been imitated by their more charitable neighbors. When they had denounced Antichrist and his doctrine, and given a catechism to some Roman Catholic, who would probably burn it when he got home, they dealt out a zeal which others vented in curses and blows. Indeed, the Covenanter's hatred of Orange principles and practice would make him favorable towards Roman Catholics, if it were only to be contrary.

When they got tired of fighting with other denominations, they varied the exercise by quarrelling among themselves. I knew of one man who left the church because they read out two lines at a time, instead of one, while they sung. He sat outside of the house and sung the psalm line by line himself, while the congregation were singing within. I knew another who left the church because they sung Brunswick. The old man did not know one note from another. He simply knew that that tune did not belong to the old twelve, and with new music he feared they might introduce new doctrine.

Although they quarrelled with the greatest bitterness among themselves, yet if an outsider had a difficulty with any, they all took the part of their brether. To fight with one was to fight with the whole society, and, as they had bad tongues in their heads, it was dangerous to meddle with them. Hans Boggs was a grandfather, when he chased a man for remarking that the Covenanters would commit a sin, stand up and profess repentance, and then go and commit it again. He probably knew that it was nothing but the naked truth, but he believed, with the old English law, that the greater was the truth the greater the libel.

William Moffet, a very sedate elder, was returning from paying his rent, and passed the course as they were preparing for a horse race. "Here's joost as good a place as ye'll get, Billy," called out a neighbor woman, who thought she would secure good company, and oblige a friend at the same time. "Oh, I think I'll get a better place ner that, Jenny," was his answer, as he pushed on home. There was often such a crowd around the course, that spectators, to get a good sight, would often climb up on stacks, roofs, &c., to the danger of the thatch. When Sam Tufts came, one time, to chase the boys off his peat stack, he found two Cameronian boys among the rest. "Oh, let us stay here," says one of them, "for we dare not be seen down on the course." "D—n ye for Mountain-men," says Tufts; "stay there; I see you like fun as well as other sinners, but keep the rest aff." He gave them a couple of sticks, and they kept the stack to themselves.

Their preachers were considered eloquent, and indeed they had every stimulus to call out their talents, if they possessed any. They labored in a small community, where it was easy rising to notoriety. Julius Caesar would rather be the first man in Cannae, than the second man in Rome. Their members, making great sacrifices to maintain a preacher of their own restricted views, would prize him all the more highly on that account. They attended through wet and dry, and sat the coldest day in a church without any fire, listening to a sermon which closed with departing day. If it were dry and dull, they ascribed it to their own listlessness; if it were lively and interesting, they drank it in with pleasure. A man who would not prepare well to address such an audience, whether large or small, must indeed be a drone.

Small as their congregations might be, they often addressed great assemblies, for on sacramental occasions they had a meeting of four or five days, which was largely attended by strangers. At such times, they held their meetings in the open air, partly from necessity, and partly out of respect for the remembrance of the old conventicles. In some places, the meeting-house green was prepared for the purpose by having seats dug in the face of the hill, and sown with grass seed, so that the people could enjoy the convenience of seats and the luxury of green grass at the same time. The exercises often continued ten hours, with but little intermission. Great as was the crowd, the best order generally prevailed, for the strangers present were ordinarily the most sober and orderly of other denominations; and the few rowdies who attended had a wholesome regard for man, if they did forget the fear of God. In this they acted the part of discretion, for the Covenanters were sometimes stout of limb, and by no means Quakers in their sentiments. Even their preachers were more disposed to throw themselves on their personal valor than their official dignity. When Rev. Mr. Boggs was told that if it were not for his coat he would be trounced, his reply was, "Never mind my coat, for I can lay it off and put it on again." Nor was the hint misimproved. And when Rev. William Stavely saw a man standing up with his hat on, while his son was preaching, he went and knocked it off, and then stepped back to the tent.

There was an odd genius among them, by the name of White. He called himself "the gospel hack," for he would never accept a call, but carried the gospel round to vacant congregations. He was a little man, with a singing tone of voice, and awkward gestures. Still there was eloquence in his strong emphasis, his significant pause, and his expressive eye. His mind was a full cask, which only needed to be opened to procure a stream without up-ending. Few heard him without getting a new idea from him; and he had a happy tact of fastening his thoughts in the memory of the hearer. According to the old custom, he always opened the services with the *exordium remotum.* I give a specimen.

Rising and surveying his large audience with a cool look, he began: "Whom *seek* ye? *Whom* seek ye? Whom seek *ye?* The emphasis of the first question seemed to say, dear brethren, you have an object in coming here to night; the second, friends, look sharp and see what your motive is in your approach; the third, what the d—l are *you* here for? "Perhaps," he continued, "you will answer me in the words of the ancient Greeks, 'We would see Jesus.' That is well enough—but what do you want to see him for? Tell me that. Christ had hardly come into the world, till Herod wanted to see him. He sent and searched carefully through the whole town for him; but what did he want with him? In fact, he wanted to kill him. He was the first of the political seekers, and may be there are some of his children here to-night, who come here to hear the gospel, and make fun of it. If there be any such here, they may go away, and leave their room for honest men. We hear of another time when a great multitude followed Christ in boats and on foot. But what were they wanting? They came for the sake of the loaves and fishes. These were the hypocritical seekers. Perhaps there are some of them here to-night, who come to see sights and show themselves and hear something new, but when they know their duty they will not do it. If there be any of that kind here to-night, they may as well go away, for it is little good they'll get. We hear of others, however, but they were few in number, who said to Christ, 'Lord, to whom shall we go but to thee. Thou hast the words of eternal life.' These were the evangelical seekers; and if there be any such here to-night, I wish them to stay, for I have a word to say to them." After a decent pause, to allow any of the first two classes to withdraw if they wished, he engaged in prayer.

James Gibson, a wealthy miller in county Monaghan, was educating his only son for the ministry, and was provoked beyond endurance to find that Thomas was falling in with the Covenanters. Reasoning the matter with him one day near the mill-race, he took the Irish way of arguing, and, taking hold of him, plunged him into the water; then, raising his head above the surface, he inquired, "Will ye recant the McMillenites noo?" He answered in the negative, and was plunged down again. This was repeated several times, till somebody coming to the mill relieved him. He then left his father's house, and sought an education, sustained by his own exertions. He had his father's temper, and this, joined to the Covenanters' principles, made his character a solid, not to say a hard one. He left home with a decent suit of clothes, and he wore them to church and elsewhere, till the patches took the place of the original material. When he taught school, he would not dismiss it during the Christmas holidays, lest it might be acknowledging the Church of Rome. When the scholars barred him out, instead of making a virtue of necessity, and going home, he got as mad as a bear, and went down the chimney. The scholars dipped waste-paper in the water pail, and, throwing it in the fire, stifled him. When he dropped down, they pulled him out of the fire, and run off home.

On another occasion, he was going to church, and overtook three swine-drovers on the way. He ordered them to put up their hogs, and rest on the Sabbath. When they refused, he pulled the act of Parliament out of his pocket, read it, and then made them prisoners. He was acting with more zeal than consistency; for, by his principles, he could not acknowledge the Government, yet now he was acting as her Majesty's constable. He was acting with more zeal than discretion, too, for they went with him till they got him to an unfrequented place, when they turned on him, gave him a severe trouncing, and then, turning back, they gathered up their hogs, and went on.

Among the Covenanters there were many worthy men. If they were stiff timber, they made the firmer work. If they happened to be crooked at first, crooked they remained; but if they were straight, you could depend on them. Hughey Hanna, the self-made school teacher; Davie Hutchison, who would not allow his boys to fight; and Mrs. Dougherty, the hospitable matron, were all Covenanters.

It is said that the Mormons have never made a single proselyte in Ireland. Their missionaries made several attempts, but always without success.

INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER;

OR,

LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND ADVENTURES IN THE TENTED FIELD.

FORT WASHITA, CHICKASAW NATION,
June 3, 1859.

To the Editor of the National Era:

A few days after mailing my last, I was unexpectedly called upon to make a journey down into Texas, from whence I have just returned. This, I hope, will be sufficient apology for my seeming dereliction.

On my return, I found awaiting me a letter from a friend of mine, who is a member of Captain Llewellyn Jones's Troop "D.," R. M. R., giving an account of an engagement between Lieutenant Lazelle's party of thirty mounted rifles and about three hundred Apache warriors, at Dog Canon, (Canyon.) His letter interested me very much, conveying, as it does, an insight into the *modus operandi* of our Indian fighters, and also illustrating the character of our gallant sons of *Mars.* And recollecting that I have promised to furnish you with occasional inklings from the frontier, it occurred to me that a personal narrative of an engagement of a portion of our troops with hostile Indians might not be altogether uninteresting to your readers; that his version of the affair, though written in a private letter, might serve to illustrate the extreme hardships, the great peril and privations, often undergone by the American soldiery on the frontier, the peculiar characteristics and the spirit which animates our *men* of arms; and that I could not do better than to make an extract from his letter. I am wearied from long and laborious travelling, and do not feel in a humor for writing a communication on the current events of the day. Indeed, I have not promised to detail the latest news from this western region every time I write.

The Indian fight at Dog Canon occurred last February, and the paragraphs concerning it which ran round through the papers may have entirely passed from the minds of the reading public; yet I flatter myself that the incidents and particulars thereof will appear as fresh as if the fight had been of more recent occurrence.

Here follows the extract, which I take the liberty of sending you:

"I know that you will pardon my uncouth, and, I fear, most miserable chirography, when I tell you that I am but recovering from a rather severe wound in my right arm. You have doubtless heard, through the papers, of our recent engagement with a large body of the Apaches, and are probably anxious to hear some of the particulars—at least, so far as I was a participant; therefore I essay, for the first time since, to use my arm and pen.

A messenger from San Elizar brought us intelligence that a thieving party of Apaches had made a descent upon that quaint village, and robbed the inhabitants thereof of a number of horses, mules, and horned cattle, which they had driven off. Thirty of us mounted rifles, under the command of Lieutenant Lazelle of the 8th infantry, were immediately dispatched in pursuit of them. On arriving at the Mexican village, one white man and ten Mexicans, in the capacity of trailers, guides, and interpreters, were added to our party. We struck the trail of the marauding savages and their four-footed booty some distance from San Bezáro, and proceeded to follow it in the direction of the Warlanpa Mountains.

For *sixty-four* long and painful hours, at a force march, did we continue to follow this trail, without a morsel of food, or a drop of water to cool our parching lips or swollen tongues, or quench the burning thirst that was raging within us, and almost maddening many, who, unlike myself, were unused to such hardships. Many of the men would soon have become so exhausted that they could not have proceeded farther, had we not come upon some holes where there *had* been water, but the Indians had filled them up with mud. Some of the men eagerly pitched into them, and drank, or rather ate, the black slimy mud, with all the eagerness of famished wolves. A little farther down, we found a few stagnated pools of bitter water, which sufficed to quench our inordinate thirst. Near these pools, the trails took a turn towards Dog Canon, a noted stronghold of the Apache Indians, and a place of resort in times of war or trouble, where they remain undiscovered and undisturbed.

When this country belonged to Mexico, three Mexican officers, with one hundred and fifty soldiers, pursued a party of Apaches into this formidable canon, but not one of the poor fellows ever escaped to relate their sad fate.

Shortly after its acquisition by our Government, Captain Staunton, with seventy-five men of Company "B," first dragoons, ran a band of Apache warriors to the mouth of the Canon. Captain Staunton was, I believe, the first American officer to attack this great natural stronghold of a savage tribe; and the result of that action was, that the captain was killed, and the company was *accused of cowardice.* In 1854, three companies of the 3d and two of the 8th infantry made a campaign to Dog Canon, for the purpose of routing those savage desperadoes; but, on arriving at its mouth or entrance, the commanding officer did not deem it prudent to enter and make fight; so he made a *sort* of a treaty with the *fierce Apaches*, and retired.

But, small as was our party, we determined to enter the much-dreaded Canon at all hazards, and either *dis*tinguish or *ex*tinguish ourselves.

Approaching this place, I was struck with the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery. Large peaks and huge piles of rock, towering upward, till they seem to touch the blue sky, loom up in front of us, presenting the appearance of magnificent old towers, and ruined and dilapidated old castles, with all their weird accompaniments. In coming in contact with such sublime natural scenery, the mind is somehow irresistibly seized with a feeling of awe, and one feels inspired to involuntarily worship the Great Architect of Nature.

But to proceed with my narrative. We entered this great natural fortress by a very narrow pass, through which issued a very rapidly-running mountain stream of clear and cold water; and, still following the fresh trail for six miles up the Canon, we reached a plateau about three thousand acres in extent. Here we halted, to take observation. On our right and front, the ground was rough, rugged, and very closely covered with scrubby pine bushes, and divided from the level plateau by a deep but narrow chasm, or ravine; while the whole was surrounded by huge towering mountains, and perpendicularly steep rocky precipices, all combining to render the scenery wild and awe-inspiring, even to the most superficial observer.

While standing at the lower edge of the plateau, and taking observations, we saw the first Indians, large athletic fellows, horribly painted, and bedecked in their war gear. Only five or six at first approached within sight, to whom the Lieutenant made signs to come forward and have a "talk." But they refused to come, and we moved forward to a higher part of the plain, and saw about a hundred warriors come over the hill behind the scrubby pine bushes, and halt within easy gun-shot of us. Ah, they were ugly devils! The Lieutenant and interpreter then went over, and had a "talk" with the Chief; but he denied having stolen, until informed that we had trailed them from the very spot where the cattle had been stolen from, when he said that a small party of Camanches had not long since driven these cattle through the Canon. The Lieutenant then informed these fierce and painted savages that he must regain the stolen property, and for that purpose was determined to follow the trail. We then started through their hamick, the Indians falling back before us, until we came to where they had killed some of the horned cattle, when they deployed on our right and front, and arrayed themselves in battle order. If they had only been armed with bows and arrows, and war-clubs, like the Mohaves, thirty of us would have considered ourselves sufficient for the two or three hundred; but many of them had good rifles, and some experience in fighting civilized soldiers. And here I will remark, that if the Indians had fired on us at that time, they would have killed every one of us before we could have fired a shot.

At this critical turn of affairs, it was deemed prudent to retire to a more congenial locality, which we did, by retracing our steps to a point of timber about two miles beyond the mouth of the Canon, where we encamped. Here we congratulated each other on our safe return, but narrow escape out of a place which had heretofore been the scene of bloody massacres, and the terror of the whole country round about; and boasted that we had accomplished a feat never before performed by any body of troops. But the end was not yet, and the worst was to come.

After we had somewhat refreshed ourselves, the Lieutenant ordered a midnight march, and attack upon the Indians in their hamick. We started between twelve and one o'clock, with twenty-two riflemen, Mr. Martin and five Mexicans, all on foot, leaving the rest back to take care of the horses. In going up the six miles of Canon, we waded a stream of water not less than twenty times, and finally halted on the plain, where we had been the previous afternoon, and awaited the approach of day, when the Lieutenant divided the force into two equal parties, taking charge of one himself, while Sergeant De Laney took charge of the other.

We stole into their hamick, but our birds had flown, leaving their nests still warm. They had discovered our movements, and moved back over the hills and up into the mountain. We pursued them until day-light, when we overtook three stragglers, whom we killed of course. We next saw eight or ten Indians for whom we started, but before we got within rifle range of them we discovered over a hundred making for us. One party gained the top of a hill, but all fired at once, and had to retire to reload their guns. By this time, the enemy came scampering down the hill upon us as thick as stones broken loose from the massive rocky ledges. Then commenced a desperate struggle for life and death. Oh, but that was an exciting time! The terrific war whoop of two or three hundred grimly-painted, war-costumed Apaches, the returned yell of twenty-two as good and brave men as ever fired a Minnie rifle, the sharp ringing crack of our rifles, the whistling of balls, the glancing and glistening of barbed arrows, and every now and then a clear, calm, cool, and yet distinct command from Lieutenant Lazelle, all conspired to render the scene one of intense animation.

We deployed along the mountain, moving from rock to rock, and keeping the enemy at long range of our rifles. Their arrows fell short of us, but as thick as hail in a Dacotah hailstorm. At almost every crack of our rifles, an Indian bit the dust. Just before going into action, I took my handkerchief and tied it tightly around my left arm above the elbow, in order to check the circulation of blood, and give me a steady nerve for shooting off-handed.

In the midst of the hardest fighting, I was taking aim over a rock, when a ball struck it not three inches from my face, and went whizzing by my ear so close that I felt the heat. I, however, picked off my Indian, and was taking another position, when a musket ball struck the peak of my forage cap, and sent it whirling a rood behind me. The concussion stunned me somewhat, but left no mark. While in the act of reloading, a large ball struck me in the right arm, midway between the shoulder and elbow, entering the fleshy part, just grazing the bone, but not breaking it. The rammer was jarred out of my hand, and fell at my feet. But I kept my eye on the Indian who shot me, finished loading, took deliberate aim, and sent a ball through his breast. He sprang high in the air, gave an unearthly yell, and fell dead.

I then fell back and crept behind a large rock, where I performed a surgical operation on myself, by pulling some cotton wadding out of my jacket, and stopping up the ball holes on each side of my arm. I then took my handkerchief off of my left arm, and tied it over the wound. While thus engaged, our men had begun to retreat down the hill, and I found myself midway between friends and foes. However, I loaded my rifle and gave the red devils a parting shot before following my comrades. On coming up with our men, I noticed that poor Newman had his leg broken by a ball, and four men were carrying him, while a fifth was carrying their arms. This was a great drawback to our small force. The Indians now closed in upon us. We beat them back and they beat us forward alternately until we gained the foot of the hill. During this close engagement, Allen, Golden, and Burke, were wounded. In order to gain the point of the next hill, where we hoped to obtain vantage ground, we had to go through a thicket of underbrush. Ogden, one of the men carrying Newman, was killed. Another shot also killed poor Newman. Lieut. Lazelle was severely wounded, being shot through the lungs. Herington and Stamper were also severely wounded.

When we reached the point, we had a short respite and breathing spell. But here my arm failed me, and I could no longer use it to load my rifle. We had now been fighting hard for an hour and a half or two hours. Two of our number were killed, and eight wounded. Our cartridges were nearly exhausted, and we were eight miles from the mouth of the Canon. The Lieutenant and four of the worst wounded men started for camp, under the protection of the Mexicans.

We now determined to extricate ourselves from an embarrassing predicament as best we could. The Indians had ceased firing for the time being, and I volunteered to place myself in their sight, and decoy them into the belief that we were still at that spot, while the others made good their retreat. The party divided again. Sergeant De Laney took a wrong trail. I started to follow him, but soon discovered the mistake, and struck across to join the other party. On looking back, I saw ten or twelve Indians almost at my heels. Ah, thinks I, now my time has come! Presence of mind is said to be very essential in time of action; but on this particular occasion I was very forcibly impressed with the idea that absence of body was a great deal better. Stamper had also left Sergeant De Laney's party, and was running for dear life some fifty yards to my right. He, too, was bareheaded, and every now and then would pass his hand to his bald cranium, as much as to say, "You needn't trouble yourselves, Messrs. Indians; you'll get no hair here."

Although I have prided myself on my running qualities, I found that at this time I was no match for the bloody scalp-takers, and would soon have been at their mercy, had I not come alongside of a ledge of rocks, over which I jumped, lighting on a projecting stone about fifteen feet below the top, and falling about fifteen feet further, into a bed of white sand. Fortunately, none of my limbs were broken by this Sam Patch leap, nor was I stunned. As soon as I gained my feet, I left things behind me fast. The disappointed redskins had to satisfy themselves with sending a harmless volley after me.

I arrived at the plateau just as the wounded men and Mexicans came up. The balance soon joined us, except nine men, who were supposed to be with Sergeant De Laney. We them saw the missing party away up on the side of the mountain, and entirely cut off from us by the Indians, who were also endeavoring to cut us off from the mouth of the Canon. The wounded men hastened on, while we tarried behind as a rear guard. I, again, was the last one to leave the plateau; and, as I crossed the ravine, I saw Ward running down it, and three Indians close on him. I had obtained a five shooter of one of the Mexicans, and, running forward to meet him, I fired a shot with my left hand, killing one Indian, and causing the other two to halt. But they were soon re-enforced, and we had a continual running fight of it to the mouth of the Canon. They did not follow us any further. We reached camp with ten men out of twenty-two. Stamper was killed in the Canon.

We moved camp further out and on leveller ground, where we waited until the afternoon; but, getting no tidings of the missing men, we took up the march, and as soon as we struck the Fort Bliss and Fort Staunton road, we sent two men off to Fort Fillmore, after Dr. Cooper and an ambulance. We moved forward as rapidly as we could towards Fort Bliss until nearly daylight, when we halted, and took a short nap, without water. About two hours after sunrise, we roused ourselves, and moved forward about three miles, where we found good water, and halted to break our long fast. We were just taking breakfast, when one of Sergeant De Laney's party was seen approaching. He informed us that the rest of the party were about seven miles back. We sent their horses to them. They had gone over the mountain, the Indians following them, until many of their number were made to bite the dust, by the unerring aim of trusty rifles.

After a few hours' rest and grazing of horses we resumed our homeward march. At the forks of the Fort Bliss and Fort Fillmore roads we met Dr. Cooper and the ambulance. We encamped for the night. The Doctor dressed our wounds, and did all in his power to make us comfortable. We had a good night's rest, and, like Sancho Panza, blessed the man who first invented sleep. The next morning we took an early start. The ambulance took the worst wounded men, and hurried on into the Fort. For my part, I preferred riding my horse, and giving my ambulance seat to another man. What with riding bareheaded beneath a broiling sun, (the sun shines very hot here, even in winter,) excessive fatigue, and a bleeding wound, I suffered excruciatingly.

Once more we camped—this time by a beautiful group of fine springs of pure cool water. We drank deep potations, and fervently thanked God for blessing us with such a treat.

About midnight, Bennet, whom we had supposed among the killed, came into camp. He had given out, while trying to follow the Sergeant, and hid in the bushes until dark, when he came down the Canon. He saw poor Stamper lying in the Canon, stripped, horribly mutilated, but not scalped. The Indians had a large encampment at the entrance, and two tall fellows were walking past. Bennet got into the water, and stole by them. He had walked one hundred and twenty miles, without eating a mouthful for three days and four nights.

It has been a long time since I have been so rejoiced to see comfortable quarters as I was on our return to Fort Bliss. And God grant that "Uncle Sam" will not soon have another occasion to chastise theiving Indians, unless he can afford more men and better pay for such service."

The writer of the foregoing is yet a young man, being only twenty-six years of age, but his manhood has been spent in the service of his country. He first entered the army as a volunteer, during the Mexican war, and was engaged in several hard-fought battles. Since that time, he has been engaged in traversing the vast plains of the West and roaming over the mountains. Many are the Indian fights he has been engaged in, as his many scars will attest.

Some portions of his narrative may appear pretty *tough* to some of your readers; but I can vouch for his veracity. The power of endurance in the hardy pioneer soldiers, inured to all kinds of hardships, is such that they can undergo three times as much physical suffering and privation as would kill most of your civilians, uninitiated in the mysteries of frontier life. It is not an unusual thing for a poor soldier, on a scout, to go sixty-four hours without a drop of water, and sometimes without food. All this, and more too, the American soldier is expected to do and endure, for the sum of *eleven and twelve dollars per month!* And yet, when the Government Treasury begins to get low, through the profligacy of a Federal Administration, or the dishonesty of Government paymasters, the first place to commence retrenchment is in the army, and the poor soldier is the first to feel the depression of public funds. Men calling themselves statesmen, and voting themselves eight dollars per day, are found to join in the hue and cry against the awful expenses of the army. And some have even gone so far as to raut against the soldiers, calling them the fag ends of humanity, the dregs of society, drones in the Government hive, and other hard names. If some thieving favorite gets an army contract, or robs the Government of a cool quarter million, the poor soldier is to blame, and ought to have his pay and rations curtailed forthwith.

Some unsophisticated reader may ask: "Does not the American soldier gain honor and glory?" Oh, yes, *somebody* gains honor and glory. Republics are grateful; and ours is a great and glorious republican country, the freest on earth, (*à la Fourth of July.*) Of course, she dispenses her honors with an impartial hand. She has a glorious Military Academy at West Point, on the banks of the noble Hudson, (let no invidious wretch slander that glorious institution by suggesting that it is the hot-bed of American aristocracy,) where she educates young men in the noble art of war. These young men, on graduating, are sent out West, and take command of a number of men, well trained in the arts of fighting Indians and starving, at the rate of *twelve dollars per month*, and, with these men, they soon find themselves crowned with laurel-wreaths of glory.

But the *common soldier* is supposed to be a very modest creature, without aspirations above bean soup and twelve dollars per month.

I am not one of those who advocate a large standing army, maintained at a great expense, but I do think the American army should be efficient for practical purposes, and better paid and treated than that of any other country.

In my peregrinations through the frontier countries, I often came in contact with these soldiers, and, feeling a sympathy for their neglected position, I could not help offering a word in their behalf.

Those who enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of civil life probably never think that there is a class of men, protecting their western frontiers, who are continually enacting as much moral and military heroism as ever poets sang or historians wrote.

Read the following lines, written by my friend, F. W. R., himself a soldier. G. C.

For the National Era

"Dream they of This?—the Glad and the Gay?"

Aye! Dream they of this? When the hot burning sun
Sends down on the soldier his withering ray;
When, thirsty and weary 'neath knapsack and gun,
His thoughts wander back to the glad and the gay?

Dream they of this? When chilly and wet,
His body and soul pining slowly away;
The cold and damp ground is his miserable bed,
Whilst in feathers are bedded the glad and the gay?

Dream they of this? When the battle-cry sounds,
And he dies on the field from his home far away—
His comrades consigning—with three friendly *rounds*—
To the grave, him, who once was like them—glad and gay?

Dream they of this? That a stone covered mound
And its inmate are left to the wolves as a prey;
That one lies forgotten far off from the ground
He died for so bravely. Dream they this, who are gay?

Dream they of this? That a mother is weeping
Alone in her chamber, where Grief found the way?
Who, placing her sorrows in His holy keeping,
With sadness looks down on the glad and the gay?

F W R

Senator Sumner writes to a friend in Columbus, Ohio: "I am just from Turin, where I saw something of the Count de Cavour, the great Minister, who is organizing the mighty struggle. He does not doubt the result. To my inquiry, he told me that he hoped to drive the Austrians out of Italy this summer. I find him full of calmness and courage. This I met also in the society of the place. The ladies were all engaged in making lint for the wounded soldiers. In their character they remind me of Roman matrons. In Paris all agree that this is a most important moment in history; nothing like it since 1815."

The following gentlemen are accredited agents for the Era: G. W. Light, Boston, Mass.; J. A. Innis, Salem Mass.; Thomas Wheeler, Cincinnati, Ohio; L. T. Park, Mount Union, Ohio; Joseph Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1859.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, Editor and Proprietor of the *National Era*. His last communication to its subscribers informed them that he was about sailing for Europe, to restore, if possible, his shattered health by a brief rest from his usual labors. He died the 5th of June, on his way out.

Thirteen years of intercourse as Editor and readers of the *Era*, render unnecessary further expression on our part than is to be found in this brief announcement. The sympathies of our subscribers will be awakened in behalf of the bereaved family, who saw their only protector and support depart, sustained in their grief by the fond hope that in a few months he would return again, restored to health. They had a right to such hope. Dr. Bailey was yet young, and possessed originally an iron constitution.

As yet, our only account of his last hours is to be found in the following letter, written by Mr. H. J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, and addressed to that journal. This feeling tribute to the memory of Dr. Bailey is appreciated by his bereaved family and immediate circle of friends.

Mr. Raymond informs us that Marcellus, son of Dr. Bailey, will return with the remains of his father on the Vanderbilt, which sails from Havre the 22d of this month, and is due in New York the 2d of July.

Death of Dr. Bailey.

Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

STEAMER ARAGO, OFF SOUTHAMPTON,
Thursday, June 9, 1859.

I have sad news for my first letter. Dr. Bailey, the well-known editor of the *National Era* at Washington, died on board the Arago on Sunday last, at a little past 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He came on board an invalid, and was hoping that relief from toil and change of scene would restore the strength and vigor which the incessant and strennous labors of his profession had greatly impaired. I had known, sometime before leaving New York, that he was ill, but was surprised to find, as I saw him sitting upon deck just after passing Quarantine, how thin and pale and feeble he looked. I gathered from his conversation that he did not consider himself to be seriously ill—at least, that his lungs were not affected—but that a long-continued dyspepsia, and the nervous excitement which his labors had induced, had combined to bring about the weakness under which he suffered. For the first two or three days, he was upon deck for the greater part of the time. The weather was fresh, though not unpleasantly cold, and the sea not rough enough to occasion any considerable discomfort. The motion, however, affected him disagreeably. He slept badly, had no appetite, and could relish nothing but a little fruit now and then. His eldest son was with him, and attended upon him with all a son's fond solicitude. Except myself, I do not think he had another acquaintance on board. He was cheerful, social, and talked with interest of everything connected with public affairs, at home and abroad. He suffered some inconvenience from the fact that his room was below, and that he could only reach it by descending two pairs of stairs. We occasionally made a couch of cushions for him upon deck, when he became fatigued; but this made him too conspicuous for his taste, and he seemed uneasily fearful of attracting attention to himself as an invalid.

After Tuesday, the sea became remarkably smooth, and so continued to the end of the voyage. But it brought him no relief; his strength failed with failing appetite, and on Thursday, from staying too long upon deck, he took cold, which kept him to his room next day. Otherwise he seemed about as usual, through that day and Saturday—and on Sunday morning seemed even better, saying that he had slept unusually well, and felt strengthened and refreshed. He took some slight nourishment, and attempted to get up from his berth without assistance; the effort was too much for him, and his son, who had left the room at his request, but stood at the door, saw him fall as he attempted to stand. He at once went in, raised him, and laid him upon the couch. Seeing that he was greatly distressed in breathing, he went immediately for Dr. Smith, the surgeon of the ship. I met him on deck, and, hearing of his father's condition, went at once to his room. I found him wholly unconscious, breathing with difficulty, but perfectly quiet, and seemingly asleep. Drs. Beadle and Dubois were present, and had endeavored to give him a stimulant; but he was unable to swallow, and it was evident that he was dying. He continued in this state for about half an hour; his breathing became slower and slower, until finally it ceased altogether, and that was all! Not a movement of a muscle, not a spasm or a tremor of any kind, betrayed the moment when the spirit took its departure. An infant, wearied with play on a summer's eve, could not have fallen asleep more gently. His remains were placed in ice and taken to Havre, from whence they will be returned to New York by the Vanderbilt, which leaves on the 18th inst.

Though Dr. Bailey's illness has been a matter of public knowledge for some months, his death, I suspect, will take the community by surprise. It will certainly be very deeply regretted far beyond the large circle of his family connections and personal friends. He was a native of New Jersey, but passed his early life in Philadelphia, where he received his education. He graduated at the Medical College in that city, and soon after removed to Ohio; but the profession had little attraction for him, and he never entered upon its active duties. His taste led him rather to the study of social science in its various branches, and for the last few years, it is needless for me to say, he has held a very important and influential relation to the political affairs of the country. During the thirteen years of his residence at Washington, in the editorial conduct of the *National Era*, he has established a reputation for firm adherence to principle, combined with a prudent regard for practical results, which had secured the confidence of the largest and wisest portion of the Anti-Slavery men of the country. He believed Slavery to be a moral wrong, a social disease, and a political blunder, and directed all his energies to its extirpation. But he never ignored or professed to underrate the practical difficulties with which the question was surrounded; nor did he ever fall into the mistake of headlong zealots, and try to make denunciation do the work of argument and persuasion. The fact that he established a popular and successful Anti-Slavery newspaper at Washington—to those who appreciate the influences that prevail there—affords conclusive proof of the practical sagacity and the wise temper which presided over his performance of duty. He was not a party man nor the tool of party men, in any respect nor to any extent. He thought for himself, and acted upon his own convictions—not obstinately, nor with any disposition to underrate the importance of co-operation with others, but acted with friends only so long as they sought noble ends by worthy means, and holding all personal aspirations and all party aims steadily subordinate to the triumph of principle and the promotion of the public good. He has acted generally with the Republican party, but no dictation of its caucuses, and no ambition of its leaders, could ever induce him to support movements which his own judgment did not approve. He sustained the Crittenden amendment to the Lecompton bill, although eminent Anti-Slavery leaders denounced it as a pledge to admit, conditionally, slave States into the Union; and he advocated the admission of Oregon, though a majority of the Republicans in Congress resisted and voted against it; and so on every point of public policy. While deferential always to the advice of those for whose opinions he had respect, he permitted none to overbear his judgment or control his action. The country has great need of such men, and, on account of their comparative rarity in public life, Dr. Bailey will be missed the more.

There is a very large literary circle, also, in which the grief for his death will be profound and sincere. The literary department of the *National Era* has always been one of its prominent features, and has contributed very largely to its success. Dr. Bailey himself always maintained an active supervision over it, and gave it the character for vigor, freshness, and good taste, by which it has always been distinguished. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared in its columns. Mrs. Southworth was first introduced to the public through its agency, and John G. Whittier and other well-known authors have been regular contributors to its pages. Without any special pretensions to literary eminence himself, Dr. Bailey was a clear, strong, and not inelegant writer—a man of fine education and highly-cultivated taste, and gifted with a quick appreciation of merit in whatever writings were submitted to his inspection.

In person he was rather under the medium height, and slightly built—with the air of a student rather than a man of physical action, and the manners of one who shunned rather than courted the notice of the world at large. His conversation was easy, and always agreeable, turning upon events rather than books, and marked by sagacious and charitable construction of the conduct and motives of public men.

Not the least afflicting circumstance of his decease is the fact that he leaves a wife and six children to mourn his departure. His eldest son was the only one of his family who was with him; but everything possible was done for him; his life, in all probability, could not have been prolonged had he remained at home, and his death was as peaceful and as happy as it could possibly have been, had it occurred in the midst of those whom he loved. There is something desolate and cheerless in the thought of a friend's dying at sea—but this is more perhaps in imagination than in the reality. The anguish of surrounding friends certainly can bring no comfort to the parting soul—and the murmuring of the waves, as they break peacefully against the couch of the dying, is a more grateful requiem than the roar of traffic and the hum of business which disturb the last moments of one who dies in the heart of a great metropolis. H. J. R.

The New York *Evening Post* contains the following brief sketch of his career:

From the New York Evening Post

DEATH OF DR. BAILEY, EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, died at sea, on board the steamer Arago, bound for Havre, on the 5th of the present month. Dr. Bailey had for some years been suffering from chronic dyspepsia, which had so enfeebled his system that on the 28th of May he left the United States, in company with his eldest son, to regain his health by a tour in Europe.

The main incidents in Dr. Bailey's life are thus summed up:

He was born at Mount Holly, N. J., in 1807, studied medicine in Philadelphia, and took his degree in 1828. After serving as ship's physician on a trip to China, he commenced his career in journalism in Baltimore as the editor of the *Methodist Protestant*. Subsequently, in 1831, he removed to Cincinnati, where he was appointed physician to the Cholera Hospital during the prevalence of that epidemic. In 1836, he joined the late James G. Birney in the publication of the *Philanthropist*, a Liberty party paper, at Cincinnati. His paper met the usual fate of all Anti-Slavery journals in those times, his press and printing office being several times destroyed by mobs. Mr. Birney withdrew from the paper in 1837, and was supported by the *Philanthopist* for the Presidency in 1840. Dr. Bailey continued the publication of his paper till 1847, when it was merged in the *National Era*, an Anti-Slavery paper published at Washington by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, of which Dr. Bailey was chosen editor, with John G. Whittier as corresponding editor. In 1848, he purchased the paper from the Society, and continued its publication on his own account.

As an editor, though by no means violent, he was quite too plain-spoken to suit the meridian of Washington, and the mob decided to destroy his press. His office was besieged for two or three days, but he was not driven from his post. In 1856, Dr. Bailey supported Fremont, and has since supported the Republican party. His paper has maintained a high literary character, and first gave Mrs. Stowe's story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to the world. A number of authors of note in American literature first attained reputation through the encouragement of Dr. Bailey.

Dr. Bailey's death creates a void in American journalism and in the political world, which cannot be filled. He was a man of great moderation of temperament, and noted for the comprehensiveness, sagacity, and fairness, with which he discussed questions of political interest. On the subject of the relations of Slavery with the General Government, his thorough and lucid articles were of peculiar value, and merit republication in a permanent form. Added to his logical vigor and the persuasive qualities of his style, Dr. Bailey possessed a manifest sincerity of purpose, and a tenacious integrity, which made him an invaluable corrector of the compromising tendencies of the party of which he was a leader, and which owed its vast and rapid increase from small beginnings in no small degree to his judicious and untiring labors.

The Doctor, although the prominence of his journal as an organ of Republicanism had of late somewhat diminished, still continued to lead the nucleus of the party—the stern, uncompromising Anti-Slavery men who had fought the battle of Freedom from its days of adversity to its present ascendency in almost all the free States. They trusted the Doctor implicitly, for they never knew him to lose sight of the great principles for which they had so heroically contended, and it was he who turned this active and energetic element into the service of the Republican organization.

Dr. Bailey was a man of much refinement and culture, and drew around him persons of kindred tendencies. The hospitality of himself and his accomplished wife formed one of the most agreeable attractions of Washington society, and his Saturday evening reunions were more attended by men of distinction in literary and political circles than even the ambitious receptions of the President and the Cabinet.

Dr. Bailey leaves a wife and six children.

ABOVE SUSPICION.—The President's organ is seized with a paroxysm of indignation at the bare thought that the President could be suspected of wanting a thirty million appropriation for the purpose of using it to influence elections. The *Constitution* says:

"We can hardly conceive anything more stupidly ignorant and absurd, if not wilfully and deliberately false, than the reasoning by which it is sought to sustain this objection. There is certainly no necessity that any advocate of Mr. Buchanan's Cuban policy, in addressing the American people, who know and appreciate the high moral worth and unsullied reputation of him whom, after a long life of faithful and patriotic public service, they elevated to the highest office in their gift, should condescend to prove that, were the entire wealth of the Republic placed at his absolute disposal, he would not misapply, or use for any selfish or unworthy purpose, one dollar or one cent of the money. We should disgrace ourselves, and insult our readers, were we to consider for a moment the objections of his opponents as referring to him personally; but, with regard to the broad assertion that to appropriate such a sum as was proposed in Senator Slidell's bill, and place it at the disposal of the Executive for a specific purpose, would be to hazard the people's money, and take it out of all the safeguards which surround it in the Treasury of the United States, we repeat that, if it be not intentionally false and designed to mislead, it is stupidly ignorant and absurd."

The independent and disinterested organ of the President is but a few weeks old; and its astonishment at such hints of official corruption as it alludes to is quite natural. But if its conductors will consult the files of its predecessor, from whose ashes, Phœnix-like, it has sprung, it will find more than one ugly record upon which the public have acquired the habit of suspecting the integrity of Democratic officials. The *Constitution* may as well make up its mind that the thirty million bill will never become a law, and mainly for the reason that the American people indulge a violent suspicion it would be used in great part at home for the corruption of politicians, and to carry the Presidential election in favor of the party in power.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND SLAVEHOLDERS' CONVENTION.

The whole country, North and South, was surprised at the result of the late Slaveholders' Convention in Baltimore—a result the very reverse of what was expected and intended. Those who have given attention to Maryland affairs are aware that the Convention was called together by meetings in the lower counties, in which the worst spirit of negro-hating and Slavery propagandism prevailed. These primary meetings had adopted resolutions of the most violent and cruel nature, demanding the expulsion of the free negroes from the State, or their sale into Slavery. It was insisted that one or the other of these monstrous measures was absolutely necessary to the security of slave property and the safety of Maryland. A general Convention was called, to meet in Baltimore, and delegates were elected by the slaveholders, or appointed by some body, or self-constituted, in each of the counties. They assembled at the time and place appointed, and the result of their proceedings we recorded two weeks ago. It will be recollected that, so far from recommending the expulsion or sale of the free colored people, they declared, *unanimously*, that the labors of that class in the field and the domestic service were indispensable to the people of Maryland! They with equal unanimity resolved, that nearly fifty per cent. of the labor performed in the State by the black race fell to the share of those who are free; thus admitting that their services are at least equal to those of slaves.

These unanimous resolutions of a slaveholders' or anti-free-negro Convention, which have been aptly compared to the prophecy of Balaam, was not the result of mere whim, or eccentricity. On the contrary, they proceeded from the better information which the delegates acquired on arriving in Baltimore.

We learn, on good authority, that the Convention was mainly in the interest of the Sham Democracy, and that tenderness for the welfare of that "Southern institution," as well as for Slavery itself, restrained the majority, when appealed to by the cooler heads, to desist from the purpose which called them together. The members from the large slaveholding counties, with the fatuity and arrogance which is characteristic of the class, would have adopted the most ultra measures. They would have recommended the expulsion or sale of the free negroes, without the least regard for justice or humanity; but such men as James A. Pearce, an intelligent and cool-headed man, appealed to them in this wise: "There are eighty thousand free negroes in Maryland. They are employed in the country by the small farmers, who are unable to buy slaves, and in the city of Baltimore and other towns, as domestic servants. You propose to drive them from the State; but how do you propose to supply their places? Would you precipitate the introduction of eighty thousand Germans and Irish, to be added to the Free-Soil interest, which is even now threatening every year to manifest itself?" This appeal fell with great force upon the minds of the rabid but unsophisticated country gentry; and the fact that it never once occurred to them until they arrived in Baltimore, shows the deplorable ignorance of the outer world which prevails amid the Chinese seclusion of Slavery. They staggered under the weight of this new idea; and they were completely floored when the same cool-headed gentlemen proceeded to inoculate them with another; for, continued they, "you must also reflect, that an effort to drive the free negroes from the State will not only revolt the moral sense of Maryland and of the whole North, but, what is equally material to you, it will arouse the stern opposition of the aforesaid class of non-slaveholding employers of these free negroes. By your selfish regard for Slavery, to the exclusion of all other interests, you force this class, far more numerous than yours, into the ranks of the Free-Soilers. They will demand emancipation, and you will in vain resist a demand which is enforced by the real and fancied material welfare of the whole body of the people who are not slaveholders."

These arguments brought the propagandists to their senses; and, Balaam-like, they prophesied for the free negroes, instead of against them.

We regard this abortive movement of the Maryland slaveholders as a highly important sign of the times. It shows the decrepitude of Slavery in that border slave State, and we may in future expect to see the spirit of Freedom rising as Slavery recedes. There were 417,943 white people in Maryland in 1850, and of this number only 16,040 were slaveholders. Allowing that each slaveholder had five in family, there would be eighty thousand people of all ages interested in upholding Slavery. This is less than one-fifth of the white population. So that four-fifths of the free white people of Maryland have no earthly interest in upholding Slavery; and there can be no shadow of doubt, with any intelligent man, that the real estate owned by this class would be greatly augmented by the removal of Slavery; and that their commerce and business would increase in equal proportion. They are beginning to find out these important facts; and the recent breakdown of the Slavery party, by confessing their weakness, will embolden the non-slaveholders to assert their views.

We have given above the figures of the census of 1850. At the present moment, the relative weakness of Slavery would appear more conspicuous if a new census were taken. The result of the enumeration next year will exhibit Slavery in a condition of hopeless decrepitude. The city of Baltimore, which in 1850 had less than one hundred and seventy thousand, will have added quite a hundred thousand to its population; the northern line of counties will have increased in like proportion; while the slave population will be in all probability less by thousands than under the census of 1850. Slavery has nearly ceased to exist in the counties bordering on Pennsylvania and Delaware; and the habits of the people are becoming assimilated to those of a non-slaveholding people. The day is not far off when the Anti-Slavery spirit will break forth with far more spirit in Maryland than it exhibits in Missouri. Public opinion is gradually ripening for the revolution. There were in 1850 only 90,000 slaves in a total population of 583,000, or less than one in six. Next year, the slaves will not exceed an eighth of the total population. Everything conspires to break down the system. The demand for slave labor increases in the South, tempting the slaveholders to sell, or to emigrate; while the facilities for the escape of fugitive slaves, and the frequency of those escapes, admonishes the slaveholders to the adoption of one or the other of these alternatives. These causes will probably continue to operate with accelerating force, unless, indeed, the European war shall seriously impair the value of slaves by breaking down the price of cotton. In the latter case, the temptation to send slaves to the Southern market will be removed, but at the same time they will cease to be worth keeping—a circumstance equally fatal to the perpetuity of the system.

Nothing but party drill prevents an outbreak of Free-Soilism in Maryland. Both of the old parties have the elements of the new order of things within their ranks; and circumstances have conspired to keep them balanced against each other. The chief element in the American party is the native-born working classes. These, co operating with the foreign-born population, which is permitted to hew wood and draw water for the Sham Democracy, would constitute an irresistible party of Freedom. Their interests are identical, and equally opposed to Slavery; but demagogues have managed to get up a seemingly implacable feud between these legitimate elements of a true people's party, and thus played one against the other, by adroit managers, who are for the most part slaveholders, their weight upon society is neutralized, and Slavery continues to rule everything. In St. Louis an analogous state of things has existed, but freedom of discussion is gradually enlightening "the bone and sinew" of each of the old parties, and bringing them together in a compact host of freemen.

It would be comparatively easy to bring about a similar state of things in Baltimore and in Maryland. The people are ready. They want a leader, a man of capacity, courage, and constancy. We were assured by one of the most distinguished speakers in the late Slaveholders' Convention, that any man of talent and character who should raise the standard of emancipation would find the people flocking to it by thousands.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM JUDGE DOUGLAS.

The following letter from Judge Douglas, defining his position in reference to the Charleston nomination for the Presidency, made its appearance in the *National Intelligencer* and Baltimore *Sun* on the 24th. It will be seen that the Illinois Senator declares formal war against the favorite hobbies of Southern politicians, the protection of Slavery in the Territories by Congressional legislation, and the revival of the slave trade. He also declares that he will not submit to the interpolation into the creed of the party "the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits Slavery in the Territories, beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property:"

WASHINGTON, *June* 22, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter, inquiring whether my friends are at liberty to present my name to the Charleston Convention for the Presidential nomination. Before this question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvass is to be conducted. If, as I have full faith they will, the Democratic party shall determine in the Presidential election of 1860 to adhere to the principles embodied in the compromise measures of 1850, and ratified by the people in the Presidential election of 1852; and reaffirmed in the Kansas and Nebraska act of 1854; and incorporated into the Cincinnati platform in 1856, as expounded by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination, and approved by the people in his election—in that event, my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the Convention, if they see proper to do so. If, on the contrary, it shall become the policy of the Democratic party, which I cannot anticipate, to repudiate these their time-honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs, and in lieu of them the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African slave trade, or a Congressional slave code for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits Slavery in the Territories, beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property—it is due to candor to say that, in such an event, I could not accept the nomination, if tendered to me.

Trusting that this answer will be deemed sufficiently explicit, I am, very respectfully, your friend, S. A. DOUGLAS.

J. B. Dorr, Esq., Dubuque, Iowa.

This looks very well, but we regretted to observe a dispatch in the Baltimore *Sun*, from this city, on the day following the publication of this letter, stating that Mr. Douglas, in a conversation with a Southern gentleman, explains that he will not flinch from the support of the nominees of the Charleston Convention, under any circumstances. If this statement from a friendly source can be relied upon, we are to understand Senator Douglas to this effect, viz: That he will not himself be the candidate of the party if they engraft upon their platform the obnoxious doctrines which he condemns in the above letter, but that he will co-operate in the election of men pledged to carry them into effect. He is opposed to a slave code and to the African slave trade, but he will give them his support, rather than quit the party.

It is a fact worth mentioning in this connection, that in bringing this letter to the notice of the public, Mr. Douglas has *ignored* his whilom metropolitan organ, the *States*. The letter, as will be seen, was written on the 22d, and was furnished to the *Intelligencer*, a Whig paper, and to the Baltimore *Sun*, a professedly neutral paper, in each of which it appeared on the 24th, while the *States* of the previous evening was permitted to go to press without an intimation that this new beam of light had radiated from the great luminary of which it was supposed to be an humble satellite. On the 25th, the *States* acknowledges its indebtedness to another journal for a sight of the letter. It says:

"The following letter from Judge Douglas, defining his position in regard to the Charleston Convention, appears in the columns of the Baltimore *Sun* of this morning."

The letter is inserted in the *States* without note or comment, a fact which it is fair to assume may be attributed to a want of sympathy with its sentiments.

Now that Judge Douglas begins to look northward for sympathy and support, he does well to disconnect himself from a journal which is intensely and rabidly Pro-Slavery. But it is singular that of three "Democratic" organs in Washington, not one of them was made the medium of the publication of this letter.

ANOTHER CASE.—Another case, which will serve to show that Judge Taney's maxim is becoming a practical fact in the District of Columbia, was reported in the local columns of the *National Intelligencer* on Friday last. The reporter says:

"Yesterday morning, Thomas C. Kirkley was put to trial on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill a free negro boy, Charles H. Dent, by him hired and employed, in having, in the words of the indictment, 'inflicted upon him the most inhuman and brutal treatment.' The defendant was found guilty of the assault and battery only. In passing sentence on Kirkley, the Judge went into some description of what he called the extreme atrocity of the crime charged. It appeared from the evidence that Dent, an indentured apprentice to traverser, had had his hands tied behind him, and in that condition was severely beaten with a cowhide. He was subsequently tied up by the neck with a rope, (exhibited in court,) and left for several hours, his feet barely touching the floor, in a state of great suffering. His cries at length reached the ears of neighbors, who came to his assistance, and most likely, as the Judge remarked, to save his life, then probably not far from extinct. The Judge further commented on a portion of the evidence adduced on the trial, that Kirkley had, by dint of threats and terror, compelled a white youth in his service to assume the crime against Dent as his own, and, in fact, the youth did swear before a justice of the peace that it was he, and not Kirkley, who had injured Dent. Kirkley, therefore, added subornation of perjury to the crime of which he had been convicted. Under these circumstances, the Judge sentenced Kirkley to six-months imprisonment in the county jail, and to pay a fine of $20. The District Attorney prayed Kirkley in commitment till the fine shall be paid."

We have still another in the same issue of the *Intelligencer*, occurring under the Fugitive Slave act, but we reserve it until next week.

SLAVERY AS A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

We had supposed that the champions of Slavery, discarding all sinister and selfish views, firmly planted themselves upon the Christian platform, and insisted that Slavery was instituted and upheld with a view to the reclamation of idolaters from the error of their ways. We are not now prepared to controvert this assumption; but from a practical treatise on the subject of "*Schooling for Negroes*," which we find in the *Southern Citizen*, we confess our inability to perceive clearly the entire adaptability of the means to the end. In the aforesaid treatise the proposition is laid down, that

"All reasonable and humane persons are in favor of instructing little negroes in all the accomplishments and useful arts that negroes ought to know—namely, to hoe corn, to pick and gin cotton, to understand practically the treatment of sugar cane and tobacco, to obey their masters and overseers—together with such other branches of a liberal education as will readily suggest themselves to persons who have had to deal with niggers."

Our Irish apostle thus briefly sums up the "whole duty" of little niggers, and he proceeds to ridicule the idea of communicating to them any notion of "Mr. Buchanan's God." Whether the editor intends by this form of expression to intimate a doubt of the orthodox soundness of the President's faith, we are unable to say. It certainly looks that way. He says:

"What theory the President, or Hon. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, may have formed with respect to the scholastic requirements of our colored brethren, we do not accurately know. We only know that about the meeting of the last session of Congress, our philanthropic Administration was full of glowing and cheering hope, touching the good which might be done by sending the young Echo piccaninnies to college, and then letting them go forth over Africa, carrying the light of—*so-and-so*.

"Two especial ends were to be gained—one (the principal one, of course) was to do good, and make the piratical enterprise of the Echo an occasion—under the blessing of Mr. Buchanan's God—to diffuse the aforesaid light of so-and-so; the other was, to get as much money as possible out of Congress."

If the editor of the *Southern Citizen* were known to the world as a scoffing infidel, we could understand the above language; but as an advocate and apostle of the great missionary scheme for converting the heathen to Christianity, we have no right to question his piety. We must therefore understand him, in the excess of his zeal for the faith, as imputing to the President and Secretary of the Treasury the wicked purpose of attempting to ruin the "piccaninnies," body and soul, by infusing into their innocent minds heretical or idolatrous notions of God.

But, with all deference to the editor of the *Citizen*, we must be permitted to say, that his very simple scheme for the civilization and redemption of the negroes seems to our minds inadequate to the purpose. To know the mysteries of hoeing corn, hilling tobacco, and ginning cotton, is highly proper for little negroes, and we are aware that the editor has Scripture authority for inculcating "obedience to masters." But is this all? Is it not necessary that the negroes should also be taught to obey God, and even to obey God rather than man? How, then can they arrive at that state of Christian development, in which they can choose wisely to obey God, and obey Him rather than their masters, without the ability to read the Bible and other good books? In a word, without a study of the Scriptures and of ethics? We submit these questions to our neighbor of the *Citizen*, and ask him to ponder, and answer them on his responsibility as a Christian philanthropist, anxious for the salvation of poor heathen Africa.

ROTATION IN DIPLOMACY.

The Washington *States* demands the removal of Theodore S. Fay, as Chargé d'Affaires to Switzerland, and John Randolph Clay, who holds a similar position towards the Government of Peru, because they have been absent from the country thirty years, because Mr. Fay has strong Abolition affinities, because both have married foreign wives, and, we will add, last, but not least, because their places are needed by active and hungry champions of Negro Slavery. It says:

"When is Theodore S. Fay, the absentee of thirty years, to be recalled? If he is to remain at Berne longer as Minister, with his notorious Abolition proclivities, the office will, to a certainty, be abolished next winter. He had been abroad well nigh to twenty-five years when he was appointed. And John Randolph Clay—how much longer is he to remain in Peru? He, too, has been away from his country thirty years. The former of those functionaries has recently become the husband of a German lady—the latter some years ago was married to an English one. Each, no doubt, would regard our Government as 'mean and contemptible,' if the principle of 'rotation' were applied to him. We shall soon call attention to this matter again."

The European Courts, with whom the system of diplomacy originated, make it a point to train men from their youth up as diplomats, and they never dismiss a Minister, except for incompetency, neglect, or malfeasance. Ministers are sometimes recalled for having committed a blunder, or rendered themselves obnoxious to the foreign Governments near which they reside; but in such cases they are not dropped from the diplomatic service, unless their conduct has been conspicuously reprehensible.

If the system of diplomacy be good for anything, and if it be needful to keep it up at a cost of hundreds of thousands per annum, there can be no doubt that the European practice is wise. The system is founded on the assumption that the interests of the country require that we should have responsible and intelligent agents resident at foreign Courts, who may watch our interests, national and individual, and bring them properly to the notice of those Courts. To do this, we should employ educated gentlemen, who have enjoyed opportunities of learning the language and manners of the countries in which they are to reside. They should readily comprehend their history and policy, as well as the daily current of events. If our diplomats are not to be men of this stamp, we had better have none at all. The ignorant and incompetent demagogues who too often are appointed to such places, so far from being able to render essential service to their country, only bring it into contempt. They are selected, not with reference to their fitness for such situations, but with a view to a judicious distribution of the spoils; and the service they render is to degrade their country in the eyes of foreigners, who naturally, but fallaciously, conclude that America selects her best specimens of intelligence and refinement to represent her at foreign Courts.

The objection to the foreign matrimonial alliances of Messrs. Fay and Clay is on a par with the others. Who in this country ever suspected the fidelity of Mr. Bodisco, or of his successor, Baron Stœckel, or the French Minister, on account of their American wives? Russia is famed for her diplomacy; and yet it is said that her Government has rather encouraged than opposed such matrimonial alliances of her diplomats, as a measure of policy. A diplomatist who takes to wife a lady of the country in which he resides, pays the highest possible compliment to it, and acquires thereby a degree of personal influence which would otherwise be unattainable.

The foreign diplomatic service is peculiar. It requires a higher grade of education and accomplishment than perhaps any other sphere of public duty; and yet, by a singular perversion, it has been filled, in too many instances, by a class of men who would not be tolerated in the domestic Administration, where their conduct would be subjected to the daily scrutiny of the public.

There should be a reform in this department of the Government, or it should at once be entirely dispensed with, as worse than useless.

SENATOR BROWN ON THE ISSUES.

Senator A. G. Brown, of Mississippi, thus sums up the issues to be settled by the Presidential struggle in 1860:

"The main issues in the Presidential contest of 1860 will probably be the following:

"First, and most important to us, the question of Slavery in the Territories, with its concomitants of popular sovereignty—squatter sovereignty—the rights of the Territorial Legislatures—the duties of Congress to the States—and, finally, the rights of the States when aggrieved by the affirmative or negative action of the Federal Government.

"Second. The acquisition of Cuba, involving the question of territorial expansion, and incidentally our relations with Mexico and Central America, and bringing practically, for the first time, the Monroe doctrine under the supervision of the American people.

"Third. The reopening of the African slave trade, embracing the morality of Slavery and the slave traffic in all these various phases, and awakening the deepest and most searching inquiries into the political, social, and economical influences which the success of the proposition is to have upon the country at large, and especially upon the Southern States.

"Fourth. The collection and disbursement of public revenue, carrying with it the whole question of protection and a full and fair investigation into all the charges of extravagance, profligacy, and corruption, which the Opposition may choose to bring against the party now in power."

Upon the first proposition he arraigns Senator Douglas, and insists that his hobby of "popular sovereignty" is worse than the Wilmot Proviso. He says:

"Shall Congress, in default of Territorial legislation, afford adequate protection to property, slaves included, in the Territories? That is the question. To this question Mr. Douglas answered no, and he had yet to learn that any first-rate Northern statesman in official position answered yes. Without an affirmative answer, the South should never be satisfied. It would not do to talk of non-intervention; Congress had intervened, and it would intervene again, both on the seas and on the land, to protect every other species of property; and there was no reason, founded in common sense, common law, common honesty, or the Constitution, why it should not intervene to protect slave property. Who doubted, if a Massachusetts man went to Kansas with a stock of wollen and cotton goods, and there being no law to protect them, they should be stolen, that Congress would interpose and make a law? And if a Western man went with a drove of mules or horses, and they stampeded on the prairies, who questions that Congress would give laws to insure their return to their owner, if the Territory refused such law? And yet, if a Southern planter went with his slaves, and they were spirited away by the underground railroad, we were to be told Congress cannot interpose, 'we have erected a Territorial Legislature for that purpose!' Out upon such barefaced imposture! If the South consents thus to be hoodwinked, she deserves to be enslaved."

Upon the second issue, Cuba, he has a good deal to say, but comes to the point in the following brief paragraph:

"We wanted more slave territory, and a kind Providence seemed to have created Cuba, and placed it in our very reach, in fulfilment of that want. The fruit ripened, it tempted a craving and natural appetite, and yet we hesitated to put forth our hands and pluck it."

Upon the subject of reopening the African slave trade, the generally transparent Senator is opaque and oracular. He thinks the existing laws too severe, and insulting to the South. He thought the proposition to repeal them was premature, and would embarrass "our Northern friends." He thought the South had better wait until Cuba is secured, and the Territorial question settled; and, finally, he thought it would be dangerous to open the flood-gates of African barbarism upon the South. But the gallant Senator repudiated with indignation the supicion that he could have a conscience against man-stealing, a disclaimer which was utterly unnecessary, we should think.

Upon the fourth issue, he makes a feeble attempt to apologize for the extravagance of the Administration.

The views of the Senator upon the question of reopening the African slave trade, as we have said, are obscurely expressed, and were doubtless intended to please both sides. At any rate, he gives satisfaction to the friends of the traffic, as will be seen by the following article from the *Mississippian*, the central organ of the "Democracy" in that State. It says:

"Those who are enlisted in the great popular movement against the unconstitutional and offensive laws relating to the African slave trade, and destroying the monopoly which they are creating, to the serious detriment of the great mass of the Southern people, will find much to approve in the views of Senator Brown as expressed in his Monticello speech.

"They will find that he is in favor of a 'total repeal of all existing laws on the subject, and the substitution of others more in unison with Southern sentiment, and less offensive to the Constitution; or else such material modification as would pluck from them their sting to Southern honor, and make them conform more exactly to the Constitution as it is.'

"Thus, he is 'ready now' to vote for the repeal of the fourth section of the statute of 1820, making the trade 'piracy,' and punishing it as such; also the seventh section of the act of 1818, imposing a fine of one thousand dollars, and imprisonment until it is paid, which is levied against the offender for every negro purchased.

"These laws are strongly condemned by Senator Brown, and are shown to be justly odious to Southern sentiment, and founded in a false philanthropy.

"Besides the repeal of these statutes, we understand Senator B. to favor the abrogation of all treaties by which our Government has bound itself, jointly with England, to keep an ocean police on the coast of Africa, for the detection and arrest of persons engaged in the trade.

"When the policy here foreshadowed is carried out, *the trade will be practically, and to all intents and purposes, reopened.* These laws and treaties, which are so contrary to the Constitution, and so offensive and unjust to the South, constitute the only barrier to the freedom of that most important trade.

"Thus far, Senator Brown and the friends of free trade in negroes, as in every other species of property, *practically agree.* His policy will lead to the very results for which they are contending."

FOREIGN PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN CHICAGO.—The Chicago *Democrat* gives the names of eighteen *foreign Protestant* churches in that city. We confess that we are highly gratified to know that the Protestant element enters so largely into the foreign population of this country, as this fact would indicate. The *Democrat* says:

"The opinion that the great majority of the foreign-born population of this country is composed either of believers in the Catholic Church, or of individuals devoid of all religious faith whatever, is entertained by many whose general intelligence on other matters renders this error all the more lamentable.

"It is not true, by any means, that the foreign-born citizens of Chicago are entirely Catholic or Infidels, and this fact we shall proceed to show.

"In Chicago, there are seventy-three churches, of all denominations, nationalities, and creeds. Forty-two of these are occupied by congregations composed mainly or entirely of persons of American or English birth and education, and presided over by pastors and officers of the same nationality. Of the remaining thirty, ten are Catholic, two are Jewish, and the remaining nineteen are owned and occupied by congregations of foreign birth, professing the doctrines of evangelical and orthodox Christianity, with one exception, namely, the German Church of the New Jerusalem, which is devoted to religion as understood and practiced by the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg.

"The churches occupied by these various societies are all neat and commodious buildings, some of them of large size, and all creditable to the city."

DR. BAILEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just received from the publisher, Mr. C. H. Brainard, of Boston, a copy of a lithograph portrait of Dr. Bailey.

We may add that this lithograph is taken from the last photograph for which Dr. Bailey sat, and is a most truthful likeness, and executed in D'Avignon's best style. It also bears a *fac simile* of Dr. B.'s autograph.

THE REVIEW.

The Greek Testament; With a Critically-Revised Text, a Digest of Various Readings, Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage, Prolegomena, and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By Henry Alford, B. D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In Four Volumes. Vol. I, containing the Four Gospels. New York Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1859. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D C.

An exchange says that every minister should have a copy of this work, even if somebody has to get married on purpose to furnish him the requisite five-dollar bill; and certainly, considering the extensive research whose fruits are here displayed, the immense erudition, the careful collation, the extremely interesting and valuable preliminary essays, the excellent mechanical "getting up" of the work—"infinite riches in a little" and perfect room, together with the happiness which may be expected to accrue from that peculiar source of revenue—we unhesitatingly "say ditto to Mr. Burke."

The Wars of the Roses; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. Edgar, author of "History for Boys," "The Boyhood of Great Men," "The Footprints of Famous Men," &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

A pleasantly-told tale of a most turbulent and bloody time—giving, besides a good general account of the death-struggle of dynasties, a variety of anecdotal information concerning the royal and noble actors in those sanguinary scenes. It will be interesting, not only to boys, but to many who have not the leisure or the inclination for more extended and philosophical works.

The "illustrations" seem to us, to say the least, rather remarkable.

Seacliff; or, The Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," &c., &c. Boston: Philips, Sampson, & Co 1859. For sale as above.

The mystery, which is the backbone of this story, begins at the beginning, or very near it, and remains mysterious till the proper denouement with more than usual success. There is a Mephistophilean devil, very polite, highly polished, well-informed, attractive, and insinuating, set off by one of those peculiar American fools whose brains cannot stand a thimble-full of wine, yet who are possessed with the noble ambition of being classed among the liquor-proof fast young men. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous, but there is no lack of unity or a strongly-marked individuality, relapsing occasionally into caricature, after the manner of Dickens; as, for instance, in "Ma Treat's" propensity to quote Scripture, naming chapter and verse. With its wit and its wisdom, the book is well worth reading, which, in these days, is a greater compliment than it seems to be.

The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Barchester Towers," "Doctor Thorne," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers: For sale as above.

"*O matre pulchra filia pulchrior*," we were about to say; but as the "*matre pulchra*" and the "*filia pulchrior*" are both wanting, the line turns out to be singularly inapplicable, and we can only quote Horace in a hypothetical and suggestive way; but this book does not need to be bolstered up by any hereditary fame. It is abundantly able to walk alone with no unequal steps. The story would be improved by a little condensation. There are scenes which have but slight interest in themselves, and do not forward the action. But it is written with a will, a plan, a purpose. The characters are drawn with a firm, clear hand, and are from the life. They are men and women with the faults, and foibles, and virtues, of their race. Unreasonableness is unreasonable, even in the hero, and worldliness is unlovely, even in the heroine. Avarice is repulsive, even in the uncle whose heart warms and opens to the honest, out-spoken nephew. The interest is sustained throughout, the denouement more natural than romantic, and the moral particularly adapted to our own day and generation and country.

The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn By Henry Kingsley. Boston Ticknor & Fields 1859 For sale as above.

This is a good companion volume to the preceding. Like it, the author comes before the public with the prestige of a name, though a name more widely known and more highly honored. The one book paints the consequences of a cowardly, overcareful prudence; the other, of a foolish, unthinking, headlong rashness. Both, it will be seen, have a well-defined moral, unpalatable as that word may be to many of our gay young readers. But let them not be alarmed. The moral is very unobtrusive, scarcely out-crops at all. Its existence is known inferentially. Once begin the story, and you will indubitably finish, despite the moral.

This is one of the many books which Australia has already given us. We are led into that far-off land, whose reality is wilder than romance — that wonderful island-continent, whose virgin strength has already crowned her, in the dew of youth, queen of the Southern sea—that strange shore, where the conditions of life seem to be reversed—where Christmas is the hottest day of the year, and men speak of the balmy north wind. The scenes and scenery there are portrayed with great vividness—the danger and daring of the wild bush-life, the picturesque and rugged beauty of rock and mountain, the new and gorgeous luxuriance of tree and flower, and the human hearts there throbbing, glowing, fainting with hope, and love, and despair, just as they have done in Old World and New for six thousand years.

John Halifax, Gentleman. By the author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion," "The Head of the Family," "Nothing New," "A Hero and other Tales," &c. With Illustrations, by Augustus Hoppin. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1859. For sale by Taylor & Maury

It is lamentable, it is really quite melancholy, absolutely suicidal to our reputation for critical acumen, to be forced to praise such a string of books. Will not some one be kind enough to write a good stupid novel, upon which we may fall to with a clear conscience and savage ferocity, cut, slash, and grind to powder, and thereby take a new lease of life? At any rate, we cannot make such a scape-goat of John Halifax, Gentleman, whose face is too well known to need our recommendation or fear our censure, whose praise is commensurate with his knowledge, and whose deserts are commensurate with his praise.

The Eclectic Magazine.

The *Eclectic Magazine* for July contains a fine picture—whether a fine likeness or not, we cannot say—of Victor Emanuel, the King of Sardinia. It is a bold, determined, open, honest face, and of itself well worth the price of the Magazine. An interesting, sketchy account of the far-famed Court of Weimar, indissolubly connected with the greatest names of Germany, derives additional interest from the recent demise of one its most noted celebrities, Humboldt, the last link, as it were, that bound the present with the past. An eloquent and generally just paper on the somewhat bewritten theme of womanhood and its mission, two articles on the aspects of Italy, and the great speech of Kossuth, combined, with several others, to make this number of a valuable monthly in no wise inferior to its predecessors.

Harper's Monthly Magazine.

Harper's Monthly leads off with an illustrated account of a journey in Canada—followed by another, sufficiently amusing, of scenes and adventures in that mythic land known as "John Brown's Tract"—a third, absolutely terrific in its relentless delineation of fleas—a pleasant New England, probably Connecticut, story, "Aceldama Sparks"—two articles on John Wesley, one in prose and one in verse—"The Death of Walter Butler," a ballad—"The Story of a Garter"—"A Man of Honor"—"A Midnight Adventure on Mount Cenis"—"In the Garden"—"The Virginians"—and the usual amount of wit and wisdom in the Editorial Department.

The Knickerbocker Magazine.

The *Knickerbocker* lays the scenes of its two illustrated articles in New York and California, continues the Romance of a Poor Young Man, provokes the unlearned with its "Deipnologica Variosa," to find out the meaning of which you must read it yourself, and is as always fanciful, witty, gentle, and genial.

Littell's Living Age.

Littell's Living Age is adorned with a portrait of Jean Paul Ritcher, and a sketch of his life; reproduces "Weimar and its Celebrities;" "A Spiritual Subpœna;" "The Morals of Trade," which we strongly recommend to all our readers; "Aunt Mary;" "M. de Tocqueville;" various short articles and pieces of verse, both serious and comic.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July opens with a racy historical retrospect of the old Federal and Democratic parties in the United States, under the title of "Thomas Paine's Second Appearance in the United States." The writer shows that the exasperation and ferocity of political warfare was even greater at that day than at the present. The *Atlantic* contains its usual variety of brilliant articles, interspersed with poems.

We are indebted to Taylor & Maury for *Blackwood's Magazine* for June. The first article, upon "Fleets and Navies," contains information peculiarly valuable at the present moment. The second, on "Lord Macaulay and Marlborough," is a caustic criticism upon the great historians. The article entitled "Review of a Review," is a curious sketch of the origin of journalism.

FUGITIVE SLAVES, FREE NEGROES, AND NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

The Sham Democracy, too late, have discovered that they cannot defend the rights of naturalized citizens without making palpable to the world their gross inconsistency in regard to Slavery. Accordingly, they now openly recant the position they assumed in 1853, in reference to the Koszta case, and turn their foreign-born friends over to the tender mercies of European despots, just as they turn over the fugitive slaves to the discipline of their Southern masters. It will be seen that the *States* places the rights of naturalized citizens upon a footing of equality with those of fugitive slaves:

From the Washington States of June 21.

THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENS AND SUBJECTS, WHETHER NATIVE OR NATURALIZED.

Whatever reputation Mr. Botts may have earned as a statesman has, assuredly, been ruinously damaged by his recent New York publication relative to the rights of naturalized citizens.

The amount of ignorance—for we are willing to suppose that it is ignorance rather than wilful design—that has manifested itself upon this subject, as expressed through the newspaper press, is positively marvellous.

In Prussia, every male child is born a soldier. The King has a claim upon him for a certain number of years of military duty, which is just as valid as the claim of a Virginian to a slave child for life is valid by the Constitution of the Union.

If a male quits his realm, at whatever age, without having discharged such duty, he is ever liable for its performance, either personally or by a substitute, upon re-entering the realm.

No obligations which he can take upon himself to another country, and no protection which such country can extend to him, can impair this claim, because it is of anterior existence.

For instance, if a male slave of Virginia—one of Mr. Botts's, for instance—were to escape from his owner, proceed to Prussia, there become a subject of the Crown, and subsequently return to Virginia, is it likely that he would be restored to Prussia upon the demand that he is a Prussian subject?

The notion is too absurd to be entertained by a rational being. Old Virginia would surrender her existence before she would surrender him.

The cases are identical. So long as the slave remained under the jurisdiction of Prussian law, or out of the confines of the United States, so long would his master be without a remedy for his wrong; and so long as the Prussian, who owes military service, remains in the United States, or without the confines of Prussia and the Germanic Confederation, so long is he secure from the exactions of the sovereign in whose realm he was born. * * *

The notorious Koszta letter, with all its vague theories and extravagant absurdities, did not claim that Austria was not competent to decide what duties her former subject owed her, and what penalties she was authorized to inflict for the non-performance of such duties. * * *

Every country has its own system of prudential laws; and we are not in our line of duty in attempting to procure a modification of such system. The sovereign States of this Union, respectively, will not permit such interference with their different systems.

Prussia has as undoubted a right to ask us to abolish Slavery, as we have to ask her to abolish her requirement that males born within her limits shall invariably be held responsible, however long the lapse of time, for the performance of military duty, if they are to be found within her jurisdiction.

What reply should we make to Great Britain, were she to ask us to have the Constitution of Indiana so modified as to admit free negroes to reside in that State? * * *

But unfortunately a custom has prevailed, of recent years, of bidding high for the *naturalized* influence, and demagoguism is always in search of an agitating question with which to secure it. Too often the Government is made, innocently, to pander to its selfish views. Look, for instance, at the Kossuth demonstration, and its consequent cost. * * *

In the inaugural of Gen. Pierce, it was stated, rather in a grandiloquent strain, we thought—pretty much in the same sense that Mr. Webster remarked in the celebrated Hulsemann letter, that as compared with the United States, Austria was but as a patch on the earth's surface—that an American citizen could not wander so far from his home that he would not be followed by the American flag for his protection. This, with the letter of Mr. Marcy to Mr. Hulsemann in relation to the case of Koszta, caused naturalized citizens, and foreigners who had declared their intentions to become such, to believe that they could go where they pleased, and do almost as they pleased, with impunity. But Mr. Pierce found out before one year of his term had expired that an American citizen could wander into foreign parts where the flag of the United States could avail him nothing, and Mr. Marcy was very careful never to certify, knowingly, that an *American citizen* meant a *foreigner* who had declared his intention to become such.

In their naturalization, the distinctiveness of nationality of foreigners should cease. They should fraternize with natives, instead of banding together as recent aliens, to use their united strength, understandingly, in the interest of demagogues who may aspire to become their champions. They should regard the politician, who undertakes to magnify such rights as they secure in their citizenship, as the worst enemy to their welfare. No well-disposed native will willingly see them harmed, as long as they abstain from harming the country by becoming the tools of knaves. When, however, they shall become "mere clay in the potter's hands," and are led on to the consummation of mischief to the State, they will excite prejudices which may operate most deleteriously upon their future. They owe it to the land of their adoption to be faithful to its Constitution and laws. The Government of that land, in return, owes them its protection as far as it does natives, except in cases where they are pre-committed to the allegiance to which they were born, when placing themselves within the sphere of its rightful exactions.

ASPECT OF THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news by the latest arrivals from Europe, though of less startling interest than that which we chronicled last week, is of equal importance. A change has taken place in the British Ministry, which puts to rest all apprehension that the Government of that country will ally itself with Austria in upholding its despotic rule in Italy. The new Premier, Lord Palmerston, and his colleagues, are believed to sympathize rather with the Italians and French, than with their enemy; but at any rate they will not embark the nation in a war, to uphold the treaty of 1815, or "the balance of power," as it was understood by their predecessors. The heart of England is with the Italians; and the present Ministry, if not in full sympathy with the people, will not outrage public sentiment by giving its countenance to the cause of Austria.

The death of Prince Metternich at the present crisis in his country's fate might be taken for an evil omen to the cause of Absolutism.

The accession of Mr. Cobden to the Cabinet is also an event of much significance.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Iowa.—The Le Claire *Republican* is apprehensive that the approaching Republican State Convention will soften down the Republican platform. It says that it will put good men in nomination:

"But there may be and there is danger that, by a timid policy, it will place the Republicans of Iowa on a platform less firm and less noble than that they have hitherto occupied; and, though we do not deem this danger very imminent, it is worth the while of Republicans to be forewarned and prepared to avert it."

We cannot believe that the noble Republicans of Iowa will abate in their hostility to Slavery extension. They have nothing to gain by such a course, and everything to lose.

Adopted Citizens.—The *Southern Citizen*, edited by John Mitchel, the Irishman, says that the "doctrine of imperfect and *dual* citizenship, lately propounded by Mr. Cass, is likely to make another desperate inroad upon the harmonies of the party," and remarks, further, with justice, that "we all know that the main strength or only strength of the party, at the North, consisted in the Irish-born citizens." The *Citizen* then quotes from the *Irish American*, an influential organ of that class of our fellow citizens, as follows:

"We will be CITIZENS, to all intents and purposes, or we will be nothing. In the exceptions and limits provided in the Constitution we fully and freely concur, believing in their wisdom and justice, and having been fully apprized of them before taking the oath of allegiance to this Republic. But for this new-fangled doctrine of *imperfect citizenship*, whose existence has never been even honestly acknowledged, but which has lurked concealed in the darkest pigeon-holes of the official bureaus at Washington, ready to spring out upon trusting men, and strangle them with the very ties that bound them to the land of their adoption, we have no feeling save that of loathing and contempt; and our advice to our countrymen, and to every naturalized citizen, on the matter, is simply to reject and denounce it in its entirety, to hold no terms with any man who subscribes to it, and to give neither countenance nor support to any party or political organization which will not make its utter repudiation a prime plank in its platform of principles."

The *Citizen* adds:

"In the mean time, another great Democratic authority is cited upon this point. Mr. Caleb Cushing, while in office, wrote to one Sidi, and his letter is now reproduced, declaring that any adopted citizen shall have a right to protection, provided he emigrated 'with no *present* liabilities to his native country, military or other, existing against him *at the time of his emigration.*'

"Military or other! Now, *allegiance* is an existing liability. It is by virtue of the bond of allegiance, and not otherwise, that European sovereigns claim military service. *Therefore*, allegiance can never be thrown off; expatriation is a fraud; and the oath to renounce allegiance a blasphemy."

Mr. Monroe.—The Southern *Citizen* says:

"*Mr. Monroe was an Abolitionist;* that is, he contemplated the eventual extinction of Slavery on this continent, and looked to Liberia as an outlet through which, in due time, all the African labor which we have with so much care, and pains, and expense, gathered around us here, might be judiciously carried away again, and poured out like water on the African sands. So, the first opportunity Mr. Monroe had, he made an astonishing effort indeed, in this direction."

The special election last week in Rhode Island, for a Representative to Congress, resulted in the choice of Christopher Robinson, American Republican. His opponent, Thomas Davis, was the candidate of the Straight Republicans. The Democracy had no candidate in the field.

The Delaware *Peninsular News and Advertiser* says:

"The New York *Tribune, National Era*, and *Peninsular News and Advertiser*, by some process of law known only on the eastern shore of Maryland, were made to appear before the Grand Jury of Dorchester county, at its last session, to answer to the not sufficiently-to-be-abhorred crime of opposition to the 'peculiar institution.' Like the Baltimore Convention, the Grand Jury had evidently concluded *to do something;* but, after examining numerous witnesses, and ascertaining the fact that many intelligent, respectable citizens of the Eastern Shore subscribed, paid for, and read Republican papers, they wisely concluded *not to do it.* The Free-Soilers laughed and prepared a rich account of the whole transaction for publication, but suppressed it in order to shield their imprudent neighbors from further contempt and ridicule."

A bill has been introduced in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has passed the first stages, which provides that any person who shall aid or abet in the rendition of a person claimed as a slave, shall be punished for the first offence by imprisonment for five years, and for the second by imprisonment for life.

Items Telegraphed from Washington.

Washington, June 23.—The opinion among gentlemen connected with diplomatic corps is, that although the Governments of Europe not engaged in the present hostilities are desirous of and hope for peace, the complications are so great that there is almost an impossibility of preventing a general war. In such an event, there is no doubt that Russia will array herself with France.

A report has for some time been current, that Commander Maury is to be detached from the National Observatory. Those best acquainted with the subject say, if this should take place, it would be with a view to place him in active service as a commander, in which capacity he has not served since his elevation to that rank, and that, without rendering such service, he would not be in the line of further promotion.

Capt. Harwood, Commander Dahlgreen, and Lieut. W. L. Maury, have been appointed by the Navy Department as a board to test such small fire arms as may be presented. The trial will commence to-morrow, at the Washington Arsenal.

FROM KANSAS.

Geary City, K. T., *June* 16, 1859.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The returns of the election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention are coming in slowly; but enough have already been received, not only to insure a Republican majority in that body, but to prove that the strength of the party is fully sustained under the new organization. Even in this county, (Doniphan,) in which we always conceded to the "Democrats" a large proportion of the Free-State vote, the Republicans have succeeded in electing a part of their ticket.

Squatter sovereignty is quite popular here, and has become part of our creed. But the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the party is so strong, that should the National Convention next year see fit to retain the old ground of prohibition by Congress, it would not materially impair our strength.

The Homestead bill is the card upon which we play with most success. The squatters of Kansas are so charmed by its melody, that, should either national party become its peculiar champion, while the other opposes it, its persuasive strains would, like the harp of Apollo, entice the very rocks to its Trojan fortress, and become the dominant party here. But all parties unite in the desire to organize the State! We are tired of Executive control, and the tardy orders of the Circuit Courts have but feeble means of being executed, so that a majority of their decisions are mere dead letters. No longer ago than last week, I witnessed a flogging and head-shaving by Lynch law. The culprit was tried and convicted by the *people* of receiving stolen horses, and his sentence was advocated or connived in by several of the leading men of the Territory, though they deplored the necessity of such irregular proceedings in an enlightened age, on the ground that there is no suitable prison in the county in which such persons should serve the regular sentence of the law. We think we have the requisite population for a State.

Though there is at present, temporarily, rather a revulsion in the tide to Pike's Peak—a revulsion which is quite natural after the extravagant gold fever of last spring—we are well satisfied that there is gold in our Territory in quantities which will repay honest toil, perhaps not better, but at least as well as other channels of industry, when fairly developed. This fact, in connection with the others of our fertile soil and mild climate, will put our population beyond question by the meeting of the next Congress, when the enemies of Kansas will no longer have an excuse for keeping her out of the Union, and *dare* not oppose her admission *while collecting electioneering capital for the approaching Presidential contest.*

There are numerous aspirants for place under the new State organization. You have some of their names in your issue of June 2d. But one prominent name you omitted—the name of A. Larzalore, late Speaker of the House in the Territorial Legislature, has been mentioned by some as the very man for Governor of the new State. His experience and his tried fidelity have made him popular. Be sure that, in any event, the young State will be "all right."

Yours, &c., F. Grube.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER PERSIA.

Another Austrian Reverse.

New York, June 21, 9 *P. M.*—The steamer Persia has arrived from Liverpool, with dates to Saturday, 11th instant, three days later than the advices per Kangaroo.

The steamer Arago arrived out on the 9th instant, and the steamer Weser on the 10th.

The Persia passed the Canada for Liverpool on the 12th instant.

The United States frigate Cumberland was at Madeira on the 1st of June.

Later accounts from Italy, say the Austrians have met with another reverse, having been driven from Marignano, (a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, eleven miles southwest of Milan,) with the loss of 1,200 prisoners.

The Austrians were also retreating across the river Adda.

The British Ministry have been defeated in the House of Commons, by a majority of 13. It was expected they would resign on the 11th instant.

A British sloop of war had been capsized in a tornado on the African coast, and one hundred and seven lives were lost. The Captain and twenty-six of the crew were saved.

THE BATTLE OF BUFFALORA.

The following account is from the correspondent of the London *Times*, who was an eye-witness of the battle:

Deceived by the large concentration of French forces on the right bank of the Po, the Austrians took the largest part of their forces in that direction. When they were known to have taken the bait, the allied armies, all of a sudden, moved from their extreme right, at Casteggio and Voghera, to their extreme left, at Vercelli, passed the Sesia there, and advanced to Novara, and thence to the Ticino. The movement was so rapid, that, before the Austrians were aware of it, the allies had outflanked them. They had only just time to draw out of the net which was spread for them, by retiring precipitately from Mortara; and now they try to bring up their troops in all haste from the Po, to meet the allies on the Ticino.

It seems they were too late for Turbigo, and had to be satisfied to throw out a body of a few thousand men from Milan, against the advance of the allies. They were almost destroyed.

The French Grenadiers and Zouaves of the Guard, which were most advanced in that direction, attacked the position of Buffalora, which was strongly occupied by Austrians, some say with as much as 40,000 men. In spite of this numerical superiority, the four regiments, amounting to not more than 6,000 or 7,000 men, stormed the position after hard fighting and severe loss, just as the Sardinians came up. General Melinto, their commander, is said to have done wonders, and General Claire, formerly Colonel of the Zouaves in the Crimea, was killed. The fighting continued till late at night.

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

The following particulars of the battle of Magenta are extracted from a letter in the *Constitutionnel* of June 10th, written from Novara on June 5th, by M. Ernest Drcolle:

Yesterday, as the first battalions of the Voltigeurs of the Guard, after conquering in a first engagement at Turbigo, were pursuing their march towards Milan, it appears that 40,000 Austrians, massed in columns, suddenly countermarched, and, confident in their numbers, advanced against our leading columns, hoping to turn them, and check the concentration of our army upon Milan. But they had not taken into their account the division of the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Guard, commanded by General Mellinet. This division rapidly got together between Buffalora and Magenta, not far from the spot where the Turcos fought, and they very soon showed a front to the enemy. Towards noon the Austrians, after hesitating for some time, decided to attack. The Zouaves and Grenadiers united did not make up more than 10,000 men, but without budging a foot they held their own against the vainly energetic efforts of the 40,000 Austrians. The latter, surprised at such an obstinate resistance, retired in good order, formed again, and returned to the charge a second time. They might as well have rushed against a brazen rampart. The guard soon became tired of this passive attitude, and resolved to take the offensive. It charged and scattered the enemy. But the latter, perceiving how small were the numbers of the French, came up again and again. Seven times in the course of two hours were these heroic charges renewed. The Grenadiers and Zouaves were electrified by the presence of the Emperor, who, sword in hand, supported and directed them.

The Emperor, however, was frequently seen to turn his eyes toward the points where, pursuant to his orders and calculations, he expected to see the divisions of Niel and McMahon make their appearance. They arrived, and were saluted with a long bravo, which astonished and disconcerted the enemy. General McMahon advanced to Magenta with an ardor, a dash, and an enthusiasm, which was the admiration of the whole army. At the moment when his attacking column was crossing the bridge, General Espinasse, who was leading it with his well-known intrepidity, was unfortunately struck by a ball in the very centre of his breast. He must have died instantly. On seeing him fall, the soldiers, quite beside themselves, rushed forward to avenge his death. Nothing could stop them—on, on they went, sweeping away every obstacle; and after completely routing the enemy, they effected their junction with the Imperial Guard, which was all the while commanded by the Emperor in person. The battle was gained. Marshal Canrobert and General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely had done wonders on their side. We were masters of the field. I hear that the Emperor warmly congratulated the new Duke of Magenta, to whom he attributed a large share in the success of the day. The Emperor did not shrink from exposing himself during the action, and more than once General Fleury threw himself before him, braving, with a devotion which all admired, though all were ready to do the same, the bullets which threatened his Majesty.

The combat at Magenta was terrible. The enemy defended this village with obstinacy. On both sides it was felt this was the key of the position. Our troops took it house by house, and put more than 10,000 Austrians *hors du combat*. General McMahon made about 5,000 prisoners, among whom were an entire regiment, the Second Chasseurs a Pied, commanded by Colonel Hauser. But the General's corps itself suffered much; 1,500 of his men were killed or wounded. In the attack on the village, General Espinasse and Lieutenant Froidefond fell, mortally wounded. Like them, Colonel Drouhot, of the Sixty-fifth of the Line, and Colonel Chabriere, of the Second Foreign Regiment, fell at the head of their troops.

On the other side, the divisions Vinoy and Renault performed prodigies of valor, under the orders of Marshal Canrobert and General Niel. Vinoy's divisions, which left Novara in the morning, had only just arrived at Trecate, where it was to bivouac, when it was sent for by the Emperor. It advanced rapidly (*a pas de course*) as far as Ponte di Magenta, driving the enemy from his positions, and taking more than 1,000 prisoners; but becoming engaged with superior forces, it sustained severe loss; eleven of its officers were killed, and fifty wounded; 650 sub-officers and soldiers were put *hors du combat.* The Eighty-fifth of the Line especially suffered; its commanding officer was killed, fighting bravely at the head of his regiment, and other superior officers were wounded. General Martimprey was struck by a ball as he was leading his brigade.

The troops of Marshal Canrobert also sustained regretable loss. Colonel de Sennsville, the chief of his staff, was killed at his side. Colonel Charlier, of the Ninetieth, fell, mortally wounded, struck by five balls, and several officers of Renault's division were placed *hors du combat*, while the village of Ponte di Magenta was taken seven times in succession.

Finally, about 8½ in the evening, the French army remained master of the field of battle, and the enemy withdrew, leaving in our hands four guns, of which two were taken by the Grenadiers of the Guard, two flags, and seven thousand prisoners. The number of Austrians placed *hors du combat* may be estimated at about 20,000. On the field of battle, 12,000 muskets and 30,000 knapsacks have been picked up.

MOVEMENTS OF THE BELLIGERENTS.

The Austrians have retreated beyond the river Adda. Their headquarters were near Cremona at last accounts.

The Austrians were driven from Marignano by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who took twelve hundred prisoners.

Five hundred Zouaves were killed or wounded at Marignano. The Austrians lost 1,500 men, and had 1,200 made prisoners. The battle lasted nine hours.

The armies were preparing for another general engagement.

The official Austrian correspondence of the 10th states that the Austrian army was continuing its retreat beyond the Adda, and that its headquarters were at Cavattigozzi, before Cremona.

A special dispatch to the London *Times* says that on the 8th, the second Austrian army had its headquarters at Codegne, on the Adda.

The King issued a proclamation to the Lombards, saying, their independence having been secured, a regime liberal and durable would be established. He eulogizes Napoleon, and calls on the Lombards to join them on the battle field.

The London *Post's* Paris correspondent says that over 4,000 of the prisoners taken from the Austrians are Italians, who took the earliest opportunity to give themselves up. They were always placed in front, and threatened by the Croats in the rear if they did not fight well. Many offered to join the allies, but have not been accepted yet.

The Swiss Government has ordered the immediate fortification of their Austrian frontiers.

Three Austrian armed transports, with vessels in tow, had been stopped in the Swiss waters and surrendered.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation to his subjects in Tyrol and Zovalberg, calling them to arms to defend the most righteous cause for which the sword was ever drawn. He confides to them the task of defending their frontiers against the enemy, who has made himself the aider of revolt against legitimate dominion established by God.

The Duchess of Parma had quitted the Duchy, leaving the Government to the municipality, and releasing the troops from their oath of allegiance to the municipality. She had dispatched a deputation to the King of Sardinia, requesting him to accept the Government.

A Hungarian Legion was organized at Tarni.

Pavia was evacuated, as already stated.

Napoleon and the King of Sardinia entered Milan on the 8th, and still remained there. They were enthusiastically received.

The latest accounts say the allies were advancing from Milan, and that Prussia showed signs of aiding Austria.

England.—The want of confidence motion in the House of Commons was carried by a vote of 323 to 310. Nothing was known as to the expected change in the Ministry when the Persia sailed.

A meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company has adopted the report already published, accepting the Government agreement, and for raising a new capital of £600,000.

The Red Sea cable broke, and was lost, sixty miles from Cape Sidero.

France.—The Paris Bourse was depressed, and the funds were lower. The 3 per cents. closed at 61f. 75c.

The Bank of France has gained specie to the amount of £2,000,000 sterling during the month.

India.—The mails from Calcutta of May 5, and Hong Kong of April 23, had reached England. The advices were unimportant.

At Calcutta, exchanges were unaltered.

At Shanghai, exchanges were quoted at 6*s.* 8*d.*

Liverpool, June 11.—Cotton is lower; sales of the week 38,000 bales, including 1,000 bales to speculators, and 5,500 bales for export.

Breadstuffs.—Richardson, Spence, & Co. quote: Flour is dull, and quotations nominal.

Provisions.—Beef is heavy, and quotations are nominal. Pork also closed dull, at a decline of 2*s.* 6*d.* Bacon closed dull. Lard dull at 60*s.* Tallow firm.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Resignation of the British Ministry.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN ITALY.

New York, June 26.—The steamer Bremen, from Bremen, with dates to the 11th, and Liverpool and London dates to the 14th, received via Southampton, at which port she touched on Tuesday, arrived here this evening about eight o'clock.

The steamer Canada arrived out on the 11th, the Borussia on the 13th, and the Vanderbilt on the 14th.

The British Ministers have resigned, and Lord Palmerston has been made Premier, with Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary.

The Austrians have evacuated Piacenza, Pavia, Lodi, Bologna, and Ancona.

Before evacuating Piacenza, the Austrians blew up the citadel and fortifications.

Prince Metternich is dead.

England.—After the Derby Cabinet had resigned, Lord Granville was first summoned by the Queen, but could not form a Ministry.

It seems the old Cabinet assembled on Saturday, and determined to place their resignation in the hands of the Queen; which having been done, a formal announcement was made by Lord Derby at the banquet of the Merchant Tailors' Company, at which several of the Ministers were present.

Lord Granville, after an audience of the Queen, waited upon Lord Palmerston, who consented to waive his claims, and serve under Lord Granville; but in his interview with Lord Russell, Lord Granville found him disposed to insist on conditions which made a union with Lord Palmerston impossible, whether the Government was presided over by Lord Granville or any other.

The Queen being satisfied that Lord Granville was the only obstacle to the union of Lords Palmerston and Russell, sent for Lord Palmerston, who had an hour's interview with her Majesty, and then straightway sought one with Lord Russell, who agreed to serve under him, but not under any other person.

The *Times* says that Russell is an ardent friend of Italy, and that both he and Palmerston want Austria to admit her defeat, her ascertained inferiority, and the incurable disadvantage of her position south of the Alps. Both are of the opinion that she would consult her own greatness by relinquishing territory which costs a great army and still greater odium.

France.—It was rumored that Napoleon would soon return to France, leaving Pelissier as commander-in-chief of the army in Italy.

The English ship Indian Queen, from Melbourne to Liverpool, with forty-one passengers, struck an iceberg, April 1st, when Captain Brewer, the first mate, fourteen men, and two passengers, got into the life-boat to save themselves. Subsequently, finding the vessel made water, they came alongside, and attempted to get on board, but losing their oars when too far off to catch the rope thrown to them, drifted off, and were never seen afterward. The ship, in a dismantled condition, but all hands on board well, reached Valparaiso May 10.

From the Seat of War.—The Austrians evacuated Piacenza in evident haste, leaving their stores of provisions, ammunition, and cannon, behind them.

The Austrians quitted Bologna on the 11th, for Modena.

General Garibaldi had occupied Bergamo, and repulsed a body of fifteen hundred Austrians who were marching against him from Brescia.

The Austrians had evacuated all the States of the Church, including Ferrara.

An Austrian correspondent says that the Austrians at Malegnano yielded only to a decidedly superior force, and retired unpursued and in perfect order.

It was said that the Emperor of Austria would take command of his army in person, acting on the defensive.

According to the official Austrian reports, their loss at Palestro was 15 officers and 513 men killed, and 1 general and 23 other officers and 878 men wounded; and 6 officers and 774 men missing.

General Garibaldi's corps was threatening southern Tyrol, from Val Canonica, Val Troumbia, and Bagolinno.

There are no further details of the previous intelligence from the seat of war. The French troops passed the river Adda without striking a blow.

The French fleet in the Adriatic had received powerful reinforcements.

It was reported that a landing of French troops would soon be made between Venice and Trieste.

The headquarters of the Austrian army would probably be at Mantua.

A submarine telegraph line is to be laid from Weybourne to Denmark.

Commercial Intelligence.—The commercial advices by this arrival are brief.

Cotton.—The sales at Liverpool on Monday were estimated at 6,000 bales, including 1,000 bales for export. The market was very dull, but steady at prices slightly in favor of buyers.

Breadstuffs.—The Liverpool breadstuffs market was dull, and the sales had been unimportant. Quotations nominal.

At London, wheat had declined 3*s.*

The weather in England had been favorable for the growing crops.

Provisions at Liverpool were dull, with unimportant sales.

Produce.—The market was generally dull. No sales of importance.

Consols at London closed at 93⅛ @ 93¼ on Monday.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE.

Quebec, June 27.—The steamer Nova Scotian, with Liverpool advices of the 15th instant, passed Father Point at half past four o'clock this afternoon, on her way up to this port.

The steamer North American arrived at Liverpool on the 14th, and the City of Baltimore arrived at Queenstown on the same day.

A Turin dispatch says that after the retreat of the Austrians from Bologna, the Cardinal Legate of the Pope departed, and the municipality proclaimed Victor Emanuel dictator.

The King of Sardinia, in an order issued by him, extolled General Garibaldi's deeds, and awards him a gold medal of military order.

The official statement of the *Weiser Zeilung* says, the Emperor of Austria will forthwith assume the immediate command of the army, and that he had ordered a new position for the army, which would be taken up in the best manner.

The Austrians were evacuating Modena, and were in full retreat towards the river Oglio.

Lord Palmerston was making good progress with the formation of the new Cabinet. An authentic list of members was expected to be made public on the day the steamer sailed. Rumor gives Lord Elgin the Colonial Secretaryship, and Mr. Cobden the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone, Secretary for India.

An order has been issued for the mobilization of the Prussian army.

An American Citizen Three Years in the Prussian Army.—We have been informed, upon good authority, that a man named Krecker has recently returned to this city from Prussia, where, during the last three years he has been doing military service in the army of Frederick William.

Twenty-one years ago, he left his native country and came to Cincinnati, where he located, and soon, by industry and economy, saved enough of money to purchase some property, which he still owns. After a residence of a sufficient length of time, he became naturalized, and for twelve years enjoyed all the privileges of a citizen of the United States. At this time he determined to return to Prussia, partly upon business and partly for the purpose of visiting his relatives, who were still there. Immediately upon his arrival, his service was claimed by the Government; he was imprisoned and compelled to perform military duty for the space of time we have named, all this time having a family and owning real estate in this country.—*Cincinnati Inq.*

Anecdotes of the Zouaves and Turcos.—The newspapers, correspondents from Italy, and Paris story-tellers, give us all sorts of reports and anecdotes about the Zouaves, the Turcos, and other new species of troops, now in Italy. The Zouaves at Palestro, they tell us, got their bagged trouser legs so wet, and therefore so heavy, in crossing some low lands, that when ordered to the charge they cast off their trousers, and ran to the Austrians, bayonet in hand, bare-legged! The *corps* has been so wild, it is also added, and so little regardful of *meum* and *tuum*, that the Emperor summoned a certain number of them, and told them he would order them back to Africa and to France, if anything of the like occurred again; whereupon, it is said, they cried like children, and promised good behaviour.

The Turcos are a new race of men upon the European field of battle, or, at least, not there seen or known since the days of Hannibal, who led their ancestors into Italy. They are Mahommedans under French officers and sub-officers, natives of Africa about Algiers, black or woolly headed. We have the first account of them on the field of battle in the correspondence of the *Constitutionnel*, from Novarre, June 4. McMahon's division is made up of these troops, and others from Africa.

The correspondent had then just heard of this division at Magenta, where they attacked the Austrians, protected by their cannon. "Like tigers," says the writer, "they precipitated themselves upon the Austrians, crying 'victory,' even before they had discharged their guns." The attack is said to have exhibited one of the strangest and most terrible spectacles of war. The Turcos threw themselves upon the enemy like the savages of Cooper, without mercy or quarter. Soon a horrible melee occurred. The voice of the cannon even was drowned by the savage cries of the Turcos—cries, not the chant of victory nor the plaints of the dying and wounded. All the language of Mahomet can muster of imprecations broke forth from them in isolated groups, where one Turco would often be seen struggling against three or four Austrians. When the Austrians ran, and the strife was over, the spectacle was not less strange. The fanatic conquerors rolled upon the earth, and, under the inspiration of some African war song, they danced the most frantic species of dances, amid bursts of laughter and frightful cries, that startled even their companions in arms. Some of them had forced their prisoners to sit beside them, and upon these poor prisoners first they glared, as the lion glares upon its prey; and then, with a species of fascination, as if they pitied the poor creatures now without means of defence. In other parts of the field, they lay down upon the ground, exhausted with fatigue, and recovering their strength in sleep. The French writer, however, denies that they acted like beasts of prey, or are carniverous; but, nevertheless, he says, they are savage. Their lines at Magenta were "immense."—*Correspondence New York Express.*

It appears that the late King Ferdinand could find no trustworthy executor for his last will among his loving subjects, and the Austrian Ambassador is the functionary named to carry out his testamentary wishes. This Martini is now in constant attendance at the Capo di Monte residence of the young King, who has of late driven about town in an open carriage, with his Bavarian wife, the Queen Dowager and her son, Count de Trani, to show that no Court dissension exists.

Important from Mexico.—*New Orleans, June* 26.—The steamship Tennessee is below, bound to this port, with Vera Cruz dates to the 22d instant.

The conducta which left the city of Mexico, with five millions in specie, on the 28th ultimo, was seized by General Robles when forty miles from Vera Cruz.

A commissioner had been sent from Vera Cruz, to negotiate with General Robles for the liberation of the specie, but had accomplished nothing.

It is reported that the French and English Ministers had arranged for shipping the specie on board of an English war vessel at Macombo.

Mr. McLane, the United States Minister, had sent Captain Farraquil, of the steamer Brooklyn, to demand the release of the American portion of the specie, amounting to two millions, but the result of his mission had not transpired.

The English fleet had been ordered to Vera Cruz.

There is no political news of importance.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

From California — Treasure Coming.—*New Orleans, June* 23.—The steamer W. H. Webb has arrived from Minatitlan, with dates from San Francisco to the 1st instant, via Tehuantepec.

The steamer Golden Age, with 1,000 passengers, and $2,643,000 in treasure, had sailed for Panama.

Mexico was quiet, according to the advices by the arrival. There were rumors, however, that the church party had taken Axaco.

Charles Muzzy, artist and correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, was drowned at Hualantes.

The advices per steamer Webb represent the health of the Isthmus to be good, the rivers full, and the transit excellent.

Ruins of an ancient city had been discovered, it is stated, near Huatuleco, which covers four miles, with stone fortifications, the last extending to the sea. Curious and rich antiquities had been found, vases of silver, &c.

United States Minister McLean was sick at Vera Cruz.

General Calas, with 1,000 men, was about to invade Tehuantepec by the mountain road leading to the city of Tehuantepec.

The advices from California mention a sudden advance in prices generally. Business was more active.

The accounts from the mines were flattering.

The advices from Fraser river were gloomy.

The first message of Governor Whittaker, of Oregon, has been received. The affairs of the State were generally prosperous.

Accounts from Honolulu say the tariff has been increased by advancing duties from 5 to 10 per cent., at the expiration of a year's notice.

Arrival of the Moses Taylor, with the California Mails and Treasure.—*New York, June* 26.—The steamer Moses Taylor has arrived from Aspinwall with dates to the 19th, and the California mails of the 6th instant. She brings 600 passengers, and $2,041,000 in specie.

The trip by this arrival has been made in 19 days and 22 hours.

The steamer Orizaba arrived at San Francisco on the night of the 6th instant, with New York dates to May 10th.

The steamship Washington, arrived at Panama on the 12th, and sailed next day for San Francisco.

The United States frigate Roanoke and the sloop of war St. Louis were at Aspinwall.

The sloops of war Vandalia and St. Mary's were at Panama.

Lieutenant Lambert, of the United States navy, died on board the Cyane on the 25th ultimo, at Point Yeason.

The steamship Granada left Aspinwall on the 19th for New York via Key West.

From South America.—Valparaiso, May 28.—The revolution has been perfectly suppressed, but frequent outrages are reported, by bands of robbers, throughout the country.

Bolivia and Peru were peaceful.

The United States frigates Merrimac and Saranac were at Callao.

Central America.—From Guatemala the latest accounts say a convention had been signed, regulating the boundaries between Guatemala and British Honduras.

Senor Jose Maria Vela Yrissarri has been named as Secretary of Legation in the United States.

War seemed to be inevitable between Salvador and Honduras, but it was thought that Guatemala would interfere to preserve the peace.

Advices from Nicaragua state that Mr. Lamar, the American Minister, had sent copies of Mr. Cass's dispatches to the Government, to which the following reply was made:

Nicaragua, a sovereign Power, claims the right to accept or reject the treaty. She has had, previously, three treaties with the United States, which were ratified by her Congress and rejected at Washington. That on this one she only requires amendments. And that, after Congress considered the treaty last year, and it had been sent to Minister Jerez, in Washington, (who had full power to remedy it,) the Cabinet, though agreeing to certain modifications, did not make them, nor was the United States Minister in Nicaragua authorized to do so. Furthermore, when Sir William Gore Ouseley concluded his treaty, which was the Cass-Yirissarri treaty, with remodified amendments, according to the American view, General Lamar then made the Zeledon treaty, with favorable amendments to England and the United States, in conjunction with Sir Onseley.

The Government of Nicaragua cannot see any insult to the United States in this proceeding.

As to the Mosquito treaty, it will probably be accepted. Nicaragua claims the return of the Mosquito Territory unconditionally, and refuses to acknowledge the King, whom neither she nor the United States ever admitted; and she prefers to let the matter remain *in statu quo* than act against her honor.

In regard to the seizure of the boats of the Transit Company, Nicaragua justifies her conduct.

It is reported that a challenge has passed between Mr. Garret Davis and Mr. Simms, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Ashland district of Kentucky, and that a hostile encounter will soon take place between them, near the Tennessee line. We noticed the quarrel between these gentlemen some days ago. It arose from political differences.

Census of Wilmington, Del.—We compile from Boyd's Delaware State Directory, just published, the following account of the census for 1859, taken by authority of the city council:

First Ward	3,768	Brandywine Vil.	910
Second do.	3,373	Washingtonville	111
Third do.	4,671	Sparksville	66
Fourth do.	5,940	McDowelville	168
Fifth do.	2,037		
		Pop. of suburbs	1,255
City population	19,789		19,789
Total population			21,044

The Gold News.—The *Daily West*, of St. Joseph, Mo., of the 18th, says that on the day before a party of miners from Ohio, returning, reached that place, and adds: "This party confirm the reports in regard to the rich diggings lately discovered, especially Gregory's. They say, however, that the good diggings are fully occupied; that there is no chance to get into these mines, and parties going there must depend on making new discoveries. They left because they had no provisions or money, and couldn't get employment that would pay them to stay. Provisions were enormously high—indeed it was almost imposible to get them on any terms when they left. The mines are in the mountains, and very inaccessible, and these gentlemen became satisfied that they would not be able to do anything in the way of prospecting without more means. They thought they could do better at home, though they saw men who were making from twelve to fifteen dollars per day, and heard of others that were doing even better than that."

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, June 28, 1859.

Flour, Howard Street	$6.75 @	0.00
Flour, City Mills	6.75	0.00
Rye Flour	4.75	4.87
Corn Meal	4.25	4.50
Wheat, white	1.65	1.75
Wheat, red	1.47	1.50
Corn, white	74	78
Corn, Yellow	77	80
Rye, Pennsylvania	90	92
Rye, Virginia	98	0.00
Oats, Maryland and Virginia	38	43
Oats, Pennsylvania	45	48
Clover Seed	5.62	5.87
Timothy Seed	2.12	2.17½
Hay, Timothy	00.00	00.00
Hops	0	00
Potatoes, Mercer	0.00	0.00
Bacon, Shoulders	7¼	0
Bacon, Sides	9¾	10
Bacon, Hams	10	10½
Pork, Mess	17.00	17.25
Pork, Prime	14.00	14.25
Beef, Mess	17.00	17.25
Lard, in barrels	11½	00
Lard, in kegs	12	12½
Wool, Unwashed	00	00
Wool, Washed	00	00
Wool, Pulled	00	00
Wool, Fleece, common	00	00
Wool, Fleece, fine	00	00
Wool, Choice Merino	00	00
Butter, Western, in kegs	00	00
Butter, Roll	00	00
Cheese	00	00
Coffee, Rio	10¼	11
Coffee, Java	15½	16

NEW YORK MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, June 28, 1859.

Flour, State brands	$5.70 @	6.00
Flour, State brands, extra	6.15	6.50
Flour, Western	6.75	7.10
Flour, Southern	6.60	7.30
Rye Flour	4.00	5.00
Corn Meal	4.10	0.00
Wheat, white	1.93	0.00
Wheat, red	1.80	0.00
Corn, white	80	00
Corn, yellow	85	88
Rye	90	92
Oats	45	46
Clover Seed	8.25	9.00
Timothy Seed	2.00	2.31
Hay	50	60
Hops	10	14
Bacon, Shoulders	6¾	7
Bacon, Sides	0	00
Bacon, Hams	8	8¼
Pork, Mess	16.12	16.25
Pork, Prime	13.12	13.25
Beef	8.00	9.00
Lard, in barrels	11	11¼
Lard, in kegs	00	00
Butter, Western	8	14
Butter, State	14	18
Cheese	8	9
Coffee, Rio	11	11½
Coffee, Java	14	14¾
Wool, Unwashed	00	00
Wool, Washed	00	00
Wool, Pulled	00	00
Wool, Fleece, common	00	00
Wool, Fleece, fine	00	00
Iron, Scotch, Pig	29.00	00.00
Lime, Rockland	65	00
Lime, common	1.00	00

GREELEY'S LETTERS FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

Mr. Greeley's next letters will be from Pike's Peak, and will be read with a lively interest, as intended to satisfy the public mind in a great measure as to the truth or falsity of the various reports from the so called "Land of Gold." His letters will all appear in the *Semi-Weekly* and *Weekly Tribune*, as well as in the *Daily*.

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PASSPORTS.

HAVING been frequently requested by friends to obtain Government passports, the subscriber has decided to make this a portion of the business of his office. Five Dollars will be the charge for procuring a passport, and One Dollar in addition will be charged for obtaining the *visé* of a Foreign Minister. On receipt of the requisite fee, the necessary papers, accompanied by full directions, will be promptly forwarded by mail.

Attention is called to the subjoined extracts from an official circular. Office for Patents,

Z. C. ROBBINS.

Office for Patents,
Washington, D. C., April, 1850.

Department of State,
Washington, August, 1857.

Citizens of the United States visiting foreign countries are liable to serious inconvenience, if unprovided with authentic proof of their national character. Their best safeguard is a passport from this Department, certifying the bearer to be a citizen of the United States.

Persons who leave the country, expecting to obtain passports whilst abroad, from the Diplomatic or Consular agents of the United States, are liable to disappointment; inasmuch as it is the duty of those agents not to grant documents of that character, except to persons who are certainly known to be entitled to them; and it is sometimes difficult, if not impracticable, to procure proof of this fact in a foreign country.

Certificates of citizenship or passports issued by State authorities, or by Judicial or Municipal functionaries of the United States, are not recognised by the officers of foreign Governments; and by the twenty-third section of the act of Congress approved on the 18th of August last, it is made penal for such authorities and functionaries to issue such passports. 644

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The facts narrated below furnish the most unquestionable evidence that the maxim of Chief Justice Taney, which asserts that "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect," is a practical fact in the District of Columbia:

On the 28th day of March last, Emanuel Mason (free colored man of this city, and District of Columbia) was tried and convicted, in the Criminal Court of this city and District, on the grave charge of "harboring and entertaining slave boy Ben, in February last, for one hundred hours!" The indictment contained three counts, under some old barbarous colonial law, concocted and devised by whom, nobody knows—long since obsolete and forgotten, for its nominal date is 1707, nearly 100 years before the American Revolution; and the *fine*, under said old "British act," was "*one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour for one hundred hours.*"

The facts in the case are these: Said Mason and his wife were once the slaves of Miss Sally or Sarah Forrest, and all resided near Marlboro', Md. Some years since, said Emanuel Mason was taken sick, and was confined with inflammatory rheumatism, and was, by the doctors, given up as incurable. The mistress then offered to sell him for $100, but no one would buy him. After a long while, he began to get a little better, and his mistress then offered him for $300, but nobody would buy him. Then the mistress told Mason that she would sell him to himself for the $300, and he might pay her by instalments. He did agree to buy himself, and has since paid all of the $300 purchase money.

In the mean time, he has partially recovered his health and strength, has *hired* his wife by the month and by the year, kept house, and raised several children at his own expense; and as soon as they have become large enough to be of service—say at about ten years—these children have all been taken from him and put to service, or sold, by his late mistress, who is still the mistress of his wife. About six years since, the said Mason moved to Washington with his slave wife, where the mistress had taken up her residence. He brought with him the *last* three children of *his* family, bone of his bone and blood of his blood, but the mistress claimed them as *her* property, although all reared at Mason's expense. The oldest of the three—an active girl, now about fourteen years of age—was taken away four or five years since; the next, a son, was taken about two or three years since. *Then* there was left only "Little Ben," now about ten years old, if alive!

No doubt the father *felt* that affection for the child which kind nature prompted. About one year since, or perhaps more, the mistress took the wife (and mother) home to her own house, leaving only "*little Ben*" with the aged father, and rumor said the boy would soon be sent for also. Then, how appropriate the language of poor old Jacob, (Israel,) "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin *away!*" And in September last, one of the numerous "*uniformed* police of this city approached the humble residence of said Mason, in pursuit of the little boy "Benjamin." When *Ben*, who was a short distance from the house, saw this "*uniformed*" officer of the Government, he ran off to parts unknown. The officer did not see the boy Ben; or, if he did, he did *not* know him; but demanded the boy of the father, who had him not in his possession or power, and has probably not seen little Ben since. When the officer could not find the boy, he requested Mason (the father) to go and look up the boy, and bring him to the office. This he neglected to do. In a few days thereafter, the officer arrested said Mason, and took him before Justice William Mulloy, Esq., but, nothing unlawful appearing against said Mason, he was in due time discharged. In February last, a certain uniformed police officer, and a certain other justice of the peace, appeared, at early dawn in the morning, at the premises or residence of said Mason, and in hot haste hurried him off to jail, where he was kept two or three days, and then released on $1,500 bail—$2,000 was at first required—and on the day first above named, said Mason was convicted, and forty-nine days did this really innocent, industrious, honest, poor man suffer in a most filthy jail, incarcerated with felons, without a bed, and with very poor, scanty food, awaiting for the decision or sentence of the court, which we find announced in the *National Intelligencer* of May 17, 1859, in these words: "Emanuel Mason, (colored,) *recently* convicted of harboring his son, a slave, the property of Miss Forrest, was yesterday sentenced to pay a fine of $166.66, being $1.66 for every hour the slave was so harbored; one-half of said amount to go to the use of the owner of the slave, and the other half to the United States. The defendant was prayed in jail till the fine shall be paid," (together with all costs,) making a total of about $200, besides about fifty-three days spent in jail!!!

Now, is *not* that paying pretty dear for the alleged performance of a filial or parental duty? The District Attorney consented to let Mason go at liberty upon *ample* security that the fine and costs be paid in ninety days.

Society, humanity, Christianity, have you no interest in this and hundreds of analogous cases?

Is there no necessity for a code of laws for this District? Let parents who have hearts and consciences answer.

Washington City, D. C., *May* 10, 1859.

To Hon. Judge Crawford:

We, the subscribers, neighbors and acquaintances of Emanuel Mason, do most respectfully ask your Honor to be as *lenient* as possible in said Mason's case. We have for years known Mason to be an industrious, moral, temperate, *poor*, peaceable, honest man; and we have reason to believe that "*little Ben*" (who is the last and youngest child of Mason) left Mason's residence *without* any direction of his father, the said Emanuel. And, further, we do know that "little Ben" was raised from birth and infancy in the house and at the cost of said Emanuel, his father; and that he had *never* been out of the possession of Mason, up to the time the officer came for the boy in September last. And, further, we do *not* believe that Emanuel knows anything of his ("Ben's") whereabouts. And, further, please to take into consideration the fact that Emanuel has been confined in jail a long time, to wit, more than forty days *since* his trial and conviction. And, finally, think, oh! think, of a father's feelings.

John W. Miller.
Amos Hunt.
W. S. Wright.
Nicholas McCubbin.
S. C. Bradley.
Elias H. Eakle.
T. Lowell.

We understand that the wife of Mason has been purchased by a gentleman who is willing to take the price he gave for her, $230. Those who wish to contribute to the benevolent object of liberating her are requested to make their remittances to Lewis Clephane, Esq., National Era Office, Washington.

JOHN MINOR BOTTS ON NATURALIZATION.

The Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia, takes bold and strong ground against the doctrine of the Administration, that naturalized citizens are to be abandoned to the conscription of European despotisms. Some twenty or thirty naturalized citizens, and others, recently addressed him on this subject, to which he responds with his accustomed frankness and directness. His letter is dated New York, June 13. The following extracts give the spirit of his able response. It will be seen that he hits the nail right on the head at every blow:

"When a foreigner has complied with the provisions of our laws, and taken out his naturalization paper, which emphatically declares him to be '*a citizen of the United States of America*,' he is as much entitled to the protection of this Government as if he had been born upon American soil and within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States. There is no such thing known to or contemplated either by the Constitution or law, as a half-way-made citizen, a mere political machine for helping certain parties into power, and then being cast off as so much drift-wood on the shore, such as the letter of the Secretary of State would make them.

"They are either citizens, or they are not citizens. If they are citizens, then the arm of this Government is long enough and strong enough to reach and protect them, in all their lawful travels and undertakings, wherever they may choose to go. If they are not citizens, then they are exercising privileges to which they are not entitled, and for which the Democracy have been under very many obligations. Let that same Democracy now determine which horn of the dilemma they will select; so far as their trusted chiefs and responsible agents are concerned, the question is already settled.

"But if they are still citizens or subjects of France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Spain, Mexico, or other foreign States, owing allegiance and service to the Powers of their respective nativities, how can they be citizens, owing allegiance and service to our Government? 'No man can serve God and mammon at the same time,' and how can any serve two masters at once? * * *

"If there is another Government on earth that disclaimed the right to protect its own citizens in a foreign land, I have yet to hear of the dishonoring and disgraceful acknowledgment. This may be, *as it seems it is*, the doctrine of the leaders of the Democratic party, but it is not the sentiment of the American people, and it is not the sentiment of that much-abused American party, which has been especially held up by the Democracy as the enemy of foreigners in every shape. They may think it judicious and wise to restrain, to some extent, the too free extension of citizenship to all who may hereafter seek our shores; but they have nowhere, nor at any time, proposed, nor will they now countenance the idea, that any of our adopted citizens shall be deprived of any one of the rights they may have already acquired. * * *

"How many of this class of our citizens may at this moment be travelling or sojourning in Europe, having left their families, their business, and fortunes, at home, either on a visit to their friends, or on a tour of pleasure, or for the transaction of their ordinary pursuits, who may, under this most extraordinary declaration of our Government, *that it may be done with impunity*, be dragged into the war now raging in Europe, is a question that must interest and startle the nation; and calls for a prompt and unequivocal repudiation of a sentiment that, with all personal respect for the venerable Secretary, I must say, would establish a pusillanimous and detestable doctrine, unworthy of the American character, unworthy of the American people, and especially unworthy of this great and powerful Government, and which in principle involves a total surrender of all that was contended for in the war of 1812. * * *

"My views on this question may be thus summed up. When one plants himself under the protecting wing of the American Eagle, which he has pledged and sworn to support and defend, when he enrolls his name upon the ample folds of the stars and stripes of this great American Union, he is free to go wherever the winds and waves may carry him; the eye of that eagle watches over his every step, that flag waves proudly over his head, whether he is upon land or upon water, in a palace or a dungeon; and the Power that dares to interfere with his personal liberty, whilst he is engaged in lawful enterprise, and not offending against the criminal or penal code of that Power, dishonors that eagle, and disgraces that flag, to which he appeals for his deliverance, if it does not afford him prompt relief and redress."

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH STURGE.

[The following tribute to the memory of an eminent British Reformer was communicated to the *Evening Post* by his friend, Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York.]

In Remembrance of
JOSEPH STURGE,
Who Died on
The 14th of Fifth Month, 1859.
Aged 65 Years.

Such is the inscription on a card just received from Birmingham, England. In the removal of this eminent philanthropist to a better world, his native land has been deprived of one of its best men, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that the world is a loser by this sad event. Though his affections were strongly centered in a happy home and congenial circle, yet they embraced the kingdom, and extended to all men. He might have said, Wherever there is human want to relieve, there is my country. Let us see.

Mr. Sturge was born of Quaker parents, at Elberton, near Bristol, August 2, 1793. His father was a farmer, and he was the sixth member of the family bearing in direct succession the name of Joseph Sturge, which he transmits to his only son, now twelve years of age. He first commenced business at Bewdley, on arriving at maturity, as a general dealer in grain, called, in England, corn-merchant, and afterwards, in 1822, settled at Birmingham. Here and at Gloucester, in partnership with his brother, under the firm of Joseph and Charles Sturge, he continued to carry on the business until his death. The firm was recognised as one of the principal corn-dealing houses in the world, their sales of foreign and domestic grain often amounting yearly to millions of dollars.

Though so largely engaged in business transactions, he devoted much of his time, and large portions of his wealth, to objects of private and general benevolence. He did this unostentatiously, but perseveringly, and his benevolent efforts took a wide range. His sympathies were especially with the poor, the enslaved, and all who needed a helper. He was distinguished by his great exertions against Slavery, on behalf of peace, in opposition to the corn-laws, in the promotion of the principles of total abstinence, in the establishment of Reformatory schools, and for an enlargement of the elective franchise.

His first appearance in public life was in the year 1833, from which time, until the final abolition of Slavery in the British dominions, he worked with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, Buxton, and others, helping the cause with his pen, tongue, and purse.

In 1834, he married Eliza, daughter of James Cropper, Esq., of Liverpool, and thus became related to the extensive family circle of which that eminent man was the centre, and whose motto was, "to love every man, and to fear no man." This marriage, however, was of short duration. His wife and only child being removed by death, he devoted himself with renewed zeal to the cause of suffering humanity, and thus found a solace for his grief in administering to the necessities and assuaging the sorrows of others. His sister Sophia, to whom he was warmly attached, and who possessed a kindred spirit, was the counsellor, colleague, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his multifarious designs for doing good, until 1845, when she was removed by death. The Birmingham *Pilot* said of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this exalted woman."

Believing that the apprenticeship system was in fact a continuance of Slavery, he made a journey to the West India Islands in 1837, at his own cost, at the head of a deputation, to examine the state of the negro population. A large amount of information was collected, which Mr. Sturge on his return to England laid before the parliamentary committee. The substance of it was afterwards published in a volume, entitled "The West Indies in 1837, by Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey." Mr. Sturge was mainly instrumental in procuring the act of Parliament by which Slavery in every form was declared to be abolished in the British dominions.

On his way home from the West Indies he visited New York, to form an acquaintance with the leading Abolitionists of the United States, and to inquire into the state of American Slavery.

The Anti-Corn League in its early days was deeply indebted to Mr. Sturge, who was the intimate friend of the distinguished leader in that great enterprise, Mr. Richard Cobden. Immediately on his return to England, at the request of the League, Mr. Sturge took up the extension of the suffrage, being the President of "The British Complete Suffrage Association," and the following year contested the borough of Nottingham. He failed in the election, but it was against powerful opposition, and the lavish appliances of money and liquor, neither of which would Mr. Sturge permit to be used on his behalf. So consistent was he in practicing his principles, that he would not go into the election until it had been first ascertained, by a show of hands, that he was the choice of a majority of the people, only a portion of whom were entitled to the suffrage. With him, principle was everything. He would not sacrifice it for any personal consideration or political triumph. What a lesson to politicians! It was in consequence of this stubborn adherence to principle through his whole life, that politicians and time-serving men stigmatized him as an *impracticable*. They respected his undeviating integrity and exalted character, while they were vexed because he was so "inflexible." He never succeeds in his political efforts, said they, because he will not give way. The consequence was, that the post of honour with Joseph Sturge was a private station.

In 1841, he again visited the United States. His object was expressed by him in the following words: "The objects which preferred the chief claim to my attention were the universal abolition of *Slavery* and *the promotion* of permanent *international peace.*" While here, he travelled extensively, visited many friends of peace, temperance, and the Anti-Slavery cause; and he had interviews with influential men in public life. Before leaving the country, he published an address "To the Friends of Immediate Emancipation in the United States." He said: "I am not one of those who despair of a healthful renovation of public sentiment, which will purify the church as well as the State from this (Slavery) abomination." He expressed a hope that a second World's Convention would be held in London; he reminded Abolitionists that the fall of American Slavery must be the death-blow to the horrid slave trade, to the foreign branch of which alone, he said, more than one thousand victims are daily sacrificed; and, in conclusion, expressed a hope that, if the forebodings of Jefferson—that he trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just—should be realized, each Abolitionist might feel that no exertions on his part had been wanting to avert the Divine displeasure, and preserve the land from those calamities which, in all ages, have rebuked the crimes of nations.

The second general Anti-Slavery Convention held in London, June, 1843, and the Peace Convention that immediately followed, were largely indebted to Mr. Sturge for their incipiency and prosperous proceedings and termination. During the session of these bodies, for two successive weeks, Mr. Sturge took a furnished house in London, and hospitably entertained, daily, large numbers of members of the Convention, while in various other ways he generously contributed to the promotion of the great objects for which these assemblies of philanthropists, from England, France, America, &c., had been held. More than any other man was he the life and soul of these gatherings, although at the time the financial concerns of his large business required his unremitted oversight and vigilance. The venerable Clarkson, being unable to attend the Anti-Slavery Convention, on account of increasing infirmities incident to his advanced age, committed to the hands of Mr. Sturge his address to that body, by whom it was impressively read.

Until his removal by death, Mr Sturge never swerved from his devotedness to the Anti Slavery cause. He gloried, so far as a Christian may glory in any benevolent enterprise, in being an outspoken Abolitionist, in the doctrine of immediateism, and he took particular pleasure in identifying himself, through evil and through good report, with ultra Abolitionists, and with the colored man, bond and free. It was truly said of him by the Missionary, William Knibb, "His name is engraven on almost every negro's heart." In a portrait of Mr. Sturge, taken in 1843 by an eminent artist, one hand rests upon the shoulder of a black child, while the other seems to be an appeal he is making, saying, on behalf of the slaves, of whom the child is a representative, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

In 1846, having buried his devoted sister, who had for so many years been at the head of his household, and his counsellor and coadjutor, he entered again into the marriage relation, with Hannah, daughter of Mr. Barnard Dickinson, of Coalbrooke Dale, who survives him, and by whom he leaves one son and four daughters.

When the Provisional Government was established in France, in 1848, says Mr. Cobden, he visited Paris as the guest of Arago, then Minister of the Colonies; and so forcibly did he plead the cause of the slaves, that the Minister successfully exerted his influence to obtain a decree putting an end to the system. The following year, says the London *Times*, when all Europe was convulsed with revolutions, he attended at Brussels the first of that remarkable series of Peace Congresses which continued to be held until 1852, and at all of which he was present, and had a principal share in the guidance of their proceedings.

During the war between Denmark and the Duchies, in 1848, he went first to the head-quarters of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, and then to the capital of Denmark, to endeavor to persuade the belligerents to refer their dispute to arbitration.

The *Times*, after alluding to Mr. Sturge's visit to Paris, and his interviews with Lamartine and Arago on the subjects of peace and slavery, and the success of that mission, says one of the best-known incidents of his public life was his visit to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, in 1854, when, in the depth of winter, he formed a deputation from the Society of Friends, composed of Robert Charleton, Henry Pease, M. P., and himself, to present an address of remonstrance against the war, solely on religious grounds. The deputation was courteously received; the Emperor made a verbal explanation of the cause of the war; he expressed his desire to avoid it; avowed his esteem for England and Queen Victoria; and afterwards transmitted to the Society of Friends a written reply to their address.

In 1856, he went to Paris as one of the deputation commissioned to present a memorial to the Emperor and the plenipotentiaries of the other foreign Powers, in favor of inserting in the treaties of peace a clause binding the contracting parties to settle any future international dispute by arbitration. In the same year, he undertook a journey to Finland, and laboriously investigated the miseries inflicted on the wretched inhabitants of the coast by the war which was then just brought to a close, while he administered with princely generosity to their necessities.

When the water-cure establishments had got into successful operation, Mr. Sturge felt a desire to impart the benefits of them to the poorer classes, and therefore fitted up one of them, committing it to the charge of a worthy physician and his assistants, so that persons in very moderate circumstances could avail themselves of the advantages of this system of cure, at charges barely sufficient to defray the expenses. At another time, in conjunction with his brother Charles, he organized an establishment for the reformation of juvenile offenders, and, on being satisfied of their desire to conduct well, aided them in procuring employment. On many occasions has he helped poor youths and adults, in whose future good conduct he had confidence, to emigrate to this country, where they could commence anew, without suspicion or hindrance, confiding them to the oversight of some one who was fully and confidentially apprised of their past career. Meritorious persons of various kinds have experienced aid from Mr. Sturge, in coming to this country with a view to better their condition; indeed, his liberality, kindness, and solicitude, in these regards, were extraordinary.

Within a few years, Mr. Sturge, in company with another brother, purchased an estate in the British West Indies, island of Montserrat, "hoping to prove that sugar can be grown as cheap by free as by slave labor." He also aided in purchasing estates in Jamaica, to be re-sold, in small parcels, to the emancipated, so as to make them independent of exactions, and to qualify them to be electors. Wherever there were lapses and a disposition to reform, wherever there was talent or moral worth crushed by the iron heel of tyranny, wherever there was enterprise struggling under a load of opposition or misfortune; wherever there was want that should be relieved, there was Joseph Sturge, with his sympathetic heart, ample purse, and proffered aid. The rills of his benevolence were almost innumerable.

When Henry Vincent, the chartist, was imprisoned, under a governmental prosecution, for giving too free utterance to his political opinions at mass meetings, he was bailed by Mr. Sturge, under whose patronage he renewed his labors with unfaltering courage, and was often on the same platform with distinguished members of Parliament, who were willing to be publicly associated with a reformer whose only crime was that he eloquently contended for the rights of the people. Mr. Sturge also befriended Arthur O'Neill, another public agitator, offering both him and Mr. Vincent his hospitality, his money, and his open friendship. Both of these young men were persons of good character, good principles, and extraordinary abilities. Though frowned upon by the Government and aristocracy, "the common people heard them gladly."

In politics, Mr. Sturge was the friend and coadjutor of Cobden, Bright, and their associates, whose general policy he approved, though he did not servilely follow any leader. He went for universal suffrage, limiting it, however, as I believe, to those who could read and write, and opposing all property qualifications in electors. Though a loyal subject, he was democratic in all his views, hating shams of every sort in politics or religion, and striving to rid his countrymen of all incubuses of church or state, of mammon or religion, that weighed down any portion of the people, especially the deserving poor.

He carried his peace principles to the extent of believing in the inviolability of human life, and opposing the employment of all armed force. At a time when Government was making strong efforts to enlist the young men of the country to supply the wasted ranks of the army in India, a recruiting officer was sent to Birmingham, who daily paraded the streets with his command and a band of music, while a show-bill was displayed on the walls of the town, offering ten pounds sterling bounty and good wages to all able-bodied young men who were disposed to enter into her Majesty's service, &c. Soon after, the walls were plentifully adorned with another show-bill of a similar size and type, to the following effect: "Wanted—5,000 able-bodied young men to enlist for India, to be shot at for sixpence a day!" The people stared, laughed, and went on their way, while the lieutenant, with his men, returned to London without a single recruit. Joseph Sturge was much suspected of having something to do with this *treasonable* act.

His incessant labors and strong sympathies evidently impaired his health. During the last years of his life, he occasionally intimated his consciousness of this in his correspondence, while his letters evinced no abatement of interest in all affairs affecting the morals or happiness of his fellow-men. In a characteristic letter, dated December 24, 1858, he said:

"A succession of engagements, including attending the funerals of departed friends, have prevented my acknowledging thy kind note before. I am obliged by thy reminiscences of our dear friend Judge Jay. Since I wrote thee last, death has been unusually busy amongst my friends and acquaintances, and I believe, with the exception of two or three, all my juniors. Among them a niece, the widow of my brother Henry, and the widow of a first cousin; and yet I fear I do not sufficiently realize how soon I must follow. Thou would perhaps see by the newspapers that John Bright was my guest while here, when he made his two famous speeches, one on Parliamentary reform, and the other on our foreign policy. He appears completely restored to health and vigor, and I trust God will spare him and guide him on the right hand and on the left, both spiritually and physically, and make him an agent of great usefulness in His hands. To show the position he now holds in this country, thou must know that there were about forty reporters each day taking down his speeches; two papers had the whole sent them by electric telegraph, and two others (one of them the *Times*) had a special train to London, and the next day the speech would be read by millions. I believe the moral effect was very powerful. So fickle is public opinion, for this man was burnt in effigy by the rabble during the Russian war, at Manchester, and afterwards rejected by a majority of the electors, while the week before last he was received in that city by one of the largest and most influential meetings ever assembled there, with almost unbounded applause. But I wish, with our friend John G. Whittier, that when alluding to the United States, he would 'speak out a little more decidedly against the dead fly in the ointment' of your Republicanism—Slavery. * * * News has arrived from China, that our people have succeeded in forcing the Chinese to admit opium at a duty! It would be difficult to conceive anything more diabolical than the doings of our late Government (and the present, I fear, will not keep clear of it) in the whole of this business."

In a letter dated March 25, 1859, he said:

"It seems long since I had the pleasure of hearing from thee, but I hope thou art in good health, though like me (who am much thy junior) thou probably feels the advance of age. I find a great difference, both mentally and physically, the last twelve months. I will thank thee to forward the enclosed to Richard Cobden. * * * Thou wilt see by the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* that we seem likely to have the slave trade and slavery continued, under the name of Coolie emigration and local apprenticeship acts. I feel glad to be excused by age from the political agitations which are going forward; but my friend, John Bright, does not go far enough for me; he should, I think, have demanded manhood suffrage. Affectionately thy friend, Joseph Sturge."

In a letter from Mr. Edmund Sturge, the youngest brother, written three days after the death of Mr. Sturge, he says:

"For three or four months past, my brother has exhibited the premonitory symptoms of heart-disease. These symptoms increased so much during the last few weeks, as to prevent his taking walking exercise, and oblige him to ride for even short distances. He has lately been evidently exercising a daily preparation for the solemn change, and I deem it probable that his late correspondence with thyself may have indicated his expectation of a short continuance here. Still we fondly hoped, from the uncertain progress of such cases, his life might at least be spared to us a few years longer, little thinking, as was said of the prophet, 'Knowest thou not that the Lord will take thy master from thy head to-day?' that his translation was so near.

"At ten o'clock Friday evening, May 13, we were conversing with him at his house, when he appeared in better health than of late. At half past six next morning, I was summoned to see him when the fatal paroxysm was strong upon him. He was then unable to speak, and in a few minutes it was over, and the victory won. How can I describe the void that is left! We claim thy sympathy and prayers, that we faint not under this affliction, nor fail to profit by it."

The London *Times*, speaking of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Sturge, states that "he had risen at his usual early hour, and his voice was heard, cheerfully calling his children to join him in riding out before breakfast, in accordance with their ordinary practice in fine weather. On returning to his chamber, he complained of sudden severe pain in the region of the heart, which lasted about twenty minutes, when it appeared to abate; but his strength was utterly prostrated, and at about a quarter past seven o'clock he breathed his last."

The Birmingham journals add, that his charity, the perfect simplicity of his character, his high honour, his sterling honesty in every relation of public and private life, and his tolerance of others' opinions, were such, that it would be difficult to say whether he was more respected by his opponents or his friends.

Mr. Sturge was a great man, because he was a good man. He had rare personal advantages, and a happy combination of excellences. Nature and grace had combined to give the world, in him, assurance of a man. In the language of the poet Whittier, with reference to him—

"Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,
Yet on the lips of England's poor
And toiling millions dwelt his name,
With blessings evermore.
Unknown to power or place, yet where
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,
It blended with the freeman's prayer
And song of jubilee."

Joseph Sturge was a man of a remarkably healthy appearance; about the middle height, and stout. His temperament was cheerful; his countenance, especially his sweet smile, indicative of a heart full of benevolence; his sonorous voice and winning manners charmed all who approached him; he had constitutional diffidence mingled with self-respect; he had deference for good men, but was not in the least awed in the presence of the titled or powerful—he condescended to men of low estate, despised caste and all the aristocratic assumptions of men, never sinking his manhood before wealth or position, or arrogating to himself superiority before the lowly and despised; he had a strong sense of justice, integrity, honor; his reverence of the Supreme Being was profound; he respected manhood in all conditions of society; and, to sum up all, he was, to use the language of the Apostle Paul, "A lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate."

A valued friend in Dublin, in alluding to his sudden and lamented death, says:

"We cannot doubt but that his Lord found him waiting with his lamp trimmed and ready to follow Him, however sudden the call. The poor and the oppressed have lost in him one of the best friends our country was blessed with. We may trust that the Lord will raise up others to fill his place; but as yet we see them not."

Whittier, in his tribute to Sophia Sturge, entitled, "To My Friend, on the Death of His Sister," uttered consolatory words that may, with equal propriety, he applied to the friends of her brother Joseph on the occasion of their great hereavement:

"Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
[His] funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!
God calls our loved ones home, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His Heaven"

Mr. Sturge was too much of a Christian to be a sectarian, and too conscientious not to speak the truth fearlessly, even of his own denomination. After returning from the United States, he said, publicly:

"I feel bound to say, I returned with grief, under the conviction that the Society of Friends, in its corporate capacity, could not be considered as advocating total and immediate emancipation."

How unlike the testimony an American would feel bound to bear towards the Quakers of England! Mr. Sturge associated freely with men of other denominations; and wherever he recognised a lover of freedom, peace, temperance, or Christianity, he grasped his hand with the cordiality of a brother. He was popular with every denomination. As an evidence of it, he at one time was invited to preside over a convention of Baptists; and on another occasion, when he was about to address a multitude assembled at Liverpool to receive the temperance pledge from Father Mathew, was introduced by a Catholic priest. Wherever he arose to address a meeting, he was rapturously cheered as a friend of the people and a champion of human rights. He was extensively known throughout the kingdom personally, or from the fame of his good deeds. And his reputation was not confined to his own country, for it extended to other countries. It had circumnavigated the globe.

His motto might have been: Be just and fear not. Of course, he dared to be singular. His fearlessness brought upon him, as it ever does upon true reformers, the opposition of men, and even the displeasure of kindred and friends. "There," once said he to the writer, in Birmingham, "there goes a member of our society; he is going to the same meeting with us; he is a good man, but he is so opposed to my political sentiments and course, that he avoids me, and manifests his dislike." At another time he mentioned the case of a distinguished woman, who had regarded him with much affection, and who had annually visited his family, but who had intimated to him that she could not consistently continue her visits, owing to the stand he had taken before the public. Mr. Sturge's gentle nature and acute sense of wrong made him feel such conduct very keenly; but he forgave the misguided persons, and did not swerve a hair's breadth from the line of duty; for, as he once said, "If we are right in principle, we should leave the consequences to God."

As a manager of public meetings, and as a presiding officer, Mr. Sturge had a happy talent. Though naturally averse to public speaking, and diffident of his ability to entertain or instruct an audience, he acquired an easy and impressive mode of speech, which, with his tact in adapting his thoughts to the occasion, made him a popular and interesting speaker. Thus, his love to a good cause, and his disinterestedness, overcame his timidity and inspired him with self-control, and gave him readiness of utterance. He was in this matter, as in all others, contented with his natural endowments and acquisitions, while he was continually aspiring after higher attainments.

Mr. Sturge was a true Christian, albeit such men as he were prohibited uniting with the Evangelical Alliance. He believed in the Divine inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. He made the Redeemer his model. He relied on the mercy of God and the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, and not on any worthiness of his own, for forgiveness and acceptance at the bar of God. He had consecrated his life, his possessions, his influence, his all, to God and humanity. What had he then to fear? In concluding this sketch of a beloved friend, a genuine philanthropist, an unpretending yet consistent Christian, who is not struck with the appropriateness of the application to him of the following description of the man of Uz?

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me;
And when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me;
Because I delivered the poor that cried,
And the fatherless, and him that had none to help him,
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me,
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.
I put on righteousness, and it clothed me;
My judgment was as a robe and a diadem.
I was eyes to the blind,
And feet to the lame;
I was a father to the poor;
And the cause which I knew not I searched out.

L. T.

Kossuth and the War—Neutrality of England.—Louis Kossuth lately made one of his brilliant speeches at Manchester, England, concerning the war in Italy. The following is a brief sketch of its main points:

"He counselled England to a strict neutrality in the present contest, not, however, from any regard to the interests of England, but in the conviction that the sympathies of the British rulers are with Austria. He distinctly charges them on this score, maintaining that they have never expressed a word of friendliness or anxiety in regard to the fate of Italy, while they had manifested the profoundest solicitude for Austria.

"Kossuth's position is, of course, that of a Hungarian. He hopes to see the ferments and agitations of Italy extended to his native country; the House of Austria is to him the dragon of history, fœtid and red with crime, against which he has thundered for years, and he is averse to seeing it strengthened, even by a moral approval. In this view, the burden of his adjuration to England is, 'If you cannot help Italy, for Heaven's sake do not help Austria, the oppressor of Italy. Do not allow your prejudices against France, and the ruler of France, to place you on the side of tyranny and wrong.'

"Kossuth draws an ingenious distinction between the French and the Austrian Governments; for in France the despotism is personal and temporary, while the nation is essentially free, radiating the light of science and art to all the world; but in Austria, the despotism is absolute, part and parcel of the national life, depressing and blighting whatever comes within its influences. Admitting, however, that the Governments are equally odious, that fact in itself would be an argument against the interference of England. If the taskmasters go to war, says Kossuth, let them tear each other to pieces if they please. He adds, at the same time, that he knows nothing of the intentions of Louis Napoleon, although he believes that his interests were all on the side of the independence of the nations.

"At the close of his remarks, Kossuth intimated that he might soon be called upon to go to Hungary, and the Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, we perceive, refers to the unquiet state of that country."

The Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* says that it objects to making the reopening of the slave trade an issue in the politics of this country, because it would not be safe to revive the trade in the present relationship of the South and the North; because it is now impracticable and idle, and because it is a mischievous issue—an issue regarding which there may well be a difference of opinion, and which is no test of soundness to Southern institutions. It says, further, "as a practical living issue, on which to turn the politics of the South, we regard the reopening of the slave trade as a very firebrand, fraught with mischief and danger. And in this point of view, we are, and have been from the beginning, strongly opposed to its being used."

What a Country Clergyman, who has two Ears for Music, Thinks of the Opera.—The editor of the *Gospel Banner*, who is also an esteemed clergyman in Maine, having recently visited the opera at Boston, gives his impressions as follows:

"The music of the orchestra, and now and then a strain of the singing, were fine, but the performance, as a whole, we thought a *bore*. Whiskered men and painted woman tricked out in plush and tinsel, growling and grunting, and shrieking, and squalling, sometimes in solo, and then in duet, and anon the whole swarm, like so many cats, gesticulating, and menacing, and embracing, and frowning, and going through with all sorts of antics, in a gibberish that nobody can understand—that is the Italian Opera as we heard and saw it. To us—and we profess not only to have an ear, but two ears, for music—a quiet seat on a mossy rock, near some pond full of frogs, would have been quite as edifying, and nearly as musical."

THE NATIONAL ERA.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

G. BAILEY, Editor and Proprietor.
D. R. Goodloe, *Assistant Editor.*
J. G. Whittier, *Corresponding Editor.*

Vol. XIII. January, 1859.

The *National Era* is about to enter upon its Thirteenth volume.

Twelve years ago, when the Discussion of the Question of Slavery was practically prohibited in this District, the *Era* was commenced for the purpose of asserting and defending the Rights of Discussion, and of giving fair expression to Anti-Slavery Sentiments. In the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings alone gave it moral support; in the Senate, it found not a single well wisher; while outside of Congress it stood here, solitary and unsustained, under ban and menace. A conflict followed, in which an excited populace undertook to suppress it by violence, but it resisted the storm, maintained its position, and from that hour the Liberty of the Press was established in the District of Columbia.

Twelve years have passed, and to-day, the *Era* finds twenty among the most distinguished members of the Senate, elected to carry out the Principles it was instituted to advocate, and the House almost controlled by Representatives, with whom it can consistently and heartily act as a co-worker.

While the cause it has advocated has advanced so rapidly, I am constrained to say that the *Era*, since the advent of the Republican Party, has suffered somewhat in its circulation. Influential newspapers, once in opposition, but now united in the same movement, and an extensive Local Press, upholding kindred sentiments, naturally engross a large portion of Republican patronage.

This was to be expected, but still I think there are good reasons why the *Era* should continue to be sustained. It was the first Press to raise the standard of Freedom in the Capital of the Republic. For twelve years it has been identified with the Anti-Slavery movement, and especially represents the Anti-Slavery element of the Republican Party. Although independent of mere Party organization, it was the first paper to advocate a general union of the Opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, in a Party of Freedom; took a leading part in the formation of the Republican Party, and, while holding itself at liberty to blame what it considered blameworthy, has uniformly vindicated it as true to its Principles. It has never been a burden to its friends, never solicited, nor at any time would have been willing to receive, any kind of official or congressional patronage, has always been self-sustaining. From its friends, then, it asks a subscription that shall enable it to retain a position gained by so much effort, and to continue to wield an influence which, I trust, has not been exerted for evil.

The coming year will be a critical one for the Republican cause. Strong efforts will be made to demoralize it, and accommodate it to the views of those, who, unwilling to support the Administration, do not yet appreciate the true nature or objects of our movement. Squatter Sovereignty, Know Nothingism, Conservatism, National Whiggery, are all working together for the construction of a platform, from which shall be excluded the Anti-Slavery Idea—that very element which gave birth and gives vitality to the Republican Party. Can the *Era* be dispensed with at such a period?

Able contributors have been secured to our columns; and with pleasure we announce that we have engaged as Assistant Editor, Daniel R. Goodloe, of North Carolina, one of the ablest writers in the country on the Question of Slavery.

The Literary Department of the paper will be carefully attended to. The two Stories now in course of publication, "*Herman*" and "*Jasper*," will furnish a rich entertainment to our readers, for several months to come.

The *Era* presents weekly a Summary of General News and Political Intelligence, keeps a careful record of the proceedings of Congress, and is the repository of a large portion of the most interesting speeches delivered in that body.

G. BAILEY.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 1, 1858.

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Z. C. ROBBINS.
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Washington, August, 1857.

Citizens of the United States visiting foreign countries are liable to serious inconvenience, if unprovided with authentic proof of their national character. Their best safeguard is a passport from this Department, certifying the bearer to be a citizen of the United States.

Persons who leave the country, expecting to obtain passports whilst abroad, from the Diplomatic or Consular agents of the United States, are liable to disappointment; inasmuch as it is the duty of those agents not to grant documents of that character, except to persons who are known to them to be entitled to them; and it is sometimes difficult, if not impracticable, to procure proof of this fact in a foreign country.

Certificates of citizenship or passports issued by State authorities, or by Judicial or Municipal functionaries of the United States, are not recognised by the officers of foreign Governments; and by the twenty-third section of the act of Congress approved on the 18th of August last, it is made penal for such authorities and functionaries to issue such passports. 644

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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,

A COMPOUND remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them, many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later, something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or anything else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

Prepared by
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Massachusetts.
Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

☞ Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Massachusetts. Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine everywhere. 632

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the last two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, an infant may take it with perfect safety.

The following certificates, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this Remedy:

ASTHMA.
ASTHMA.
[*Letter from a Lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.*]
Newburyport, February 25, 1856.

Dear Sir: It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the Asthma. For fifteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and during that time there was few months in which I did not suffer with a paroxysm that entirely prostrated me for two or three days, and sometimes longer. I [illegible] from the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy" to the present hour, I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure or cold has any other effect than is slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine so dispels this sensation, and I can easily claim a general release from the tormentor. Please accept my gratitude for the blessings; and believe me that I shall endeavor to introduce the Remedy wherever opportunity offers. With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. H. BRAGDON.
Joseph Burnett, Esq.

ASTHMA.
ASTHMA.
[*Letter from a Clergyman.*]
Wardsboro, Vt., May 12, 1857.

I take great pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma," on my wife. She has suffered for years more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year, she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours, it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy;" it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand—and though it has not cured her, it has done much to [illegible]. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours, truly,
KIMBALL HADLEY.
Mr. Burnett.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy is prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Central Street, Boston. For sale in
New York, by Hegeman & Co.
" " Schieffelin Bros. & Co.
" " Barnes & Park.
Philadelphia, by Hassard & Co.
" " Frederick Brown.
Baltimore, by Wm. H. Brown & Brother.
" " J. P. Polk.
Washington, by Nairn & Palmer.
Norfolk, by Santos, Walker & Co.
Richmond, by Fisher, Winston & Co.
Chicago, by J. H. Reed & Co.
Cincinnati, by J. D. Park.
St. Louis, by Henry Pettes & Co.
Louisville, Ky., by Bell, Talbott & Co.
New Orleans, by Syme & Provan.
Augusta, Ga., by Plumb & Leitner.
Savannah, by A. A. Solomons & Co.
And by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.
One dollar per bottle. 6